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Benson and Hedges Cigarettes in red velour box, 100 for 22/6.

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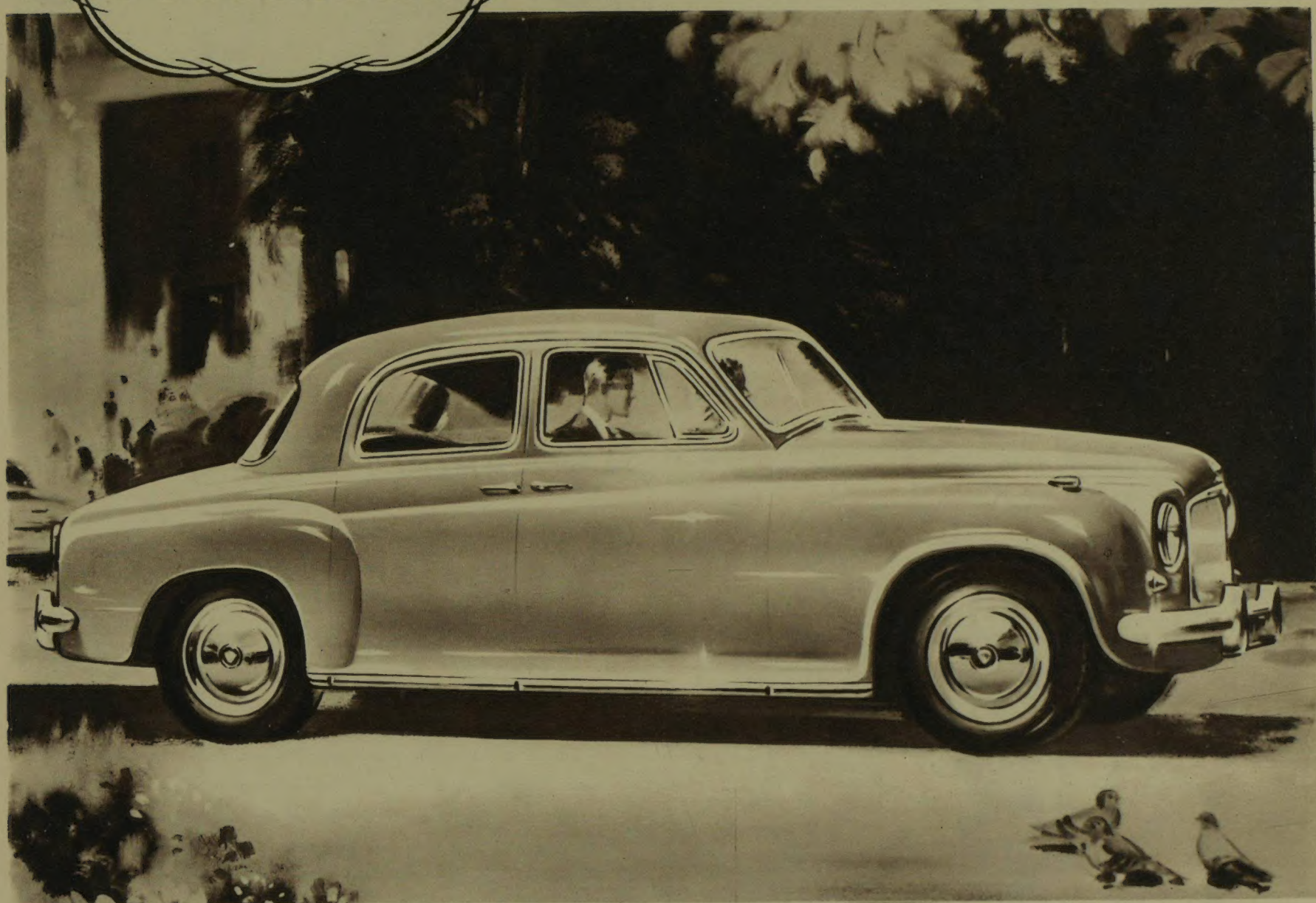


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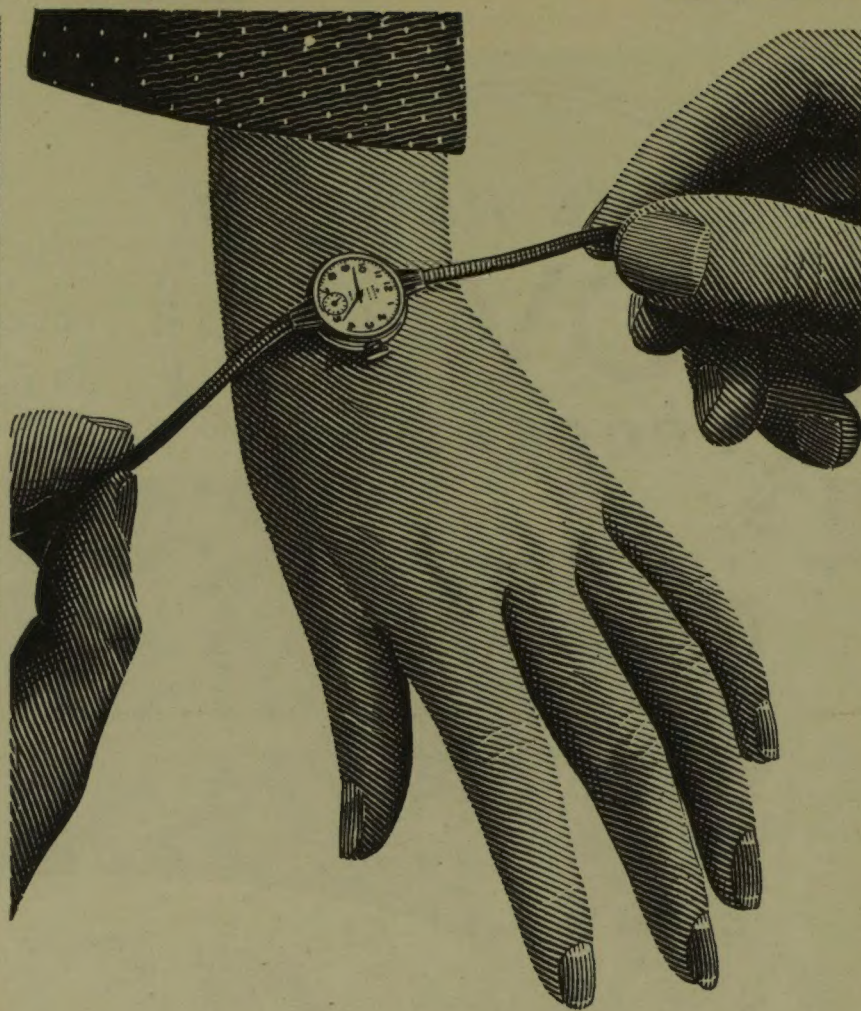


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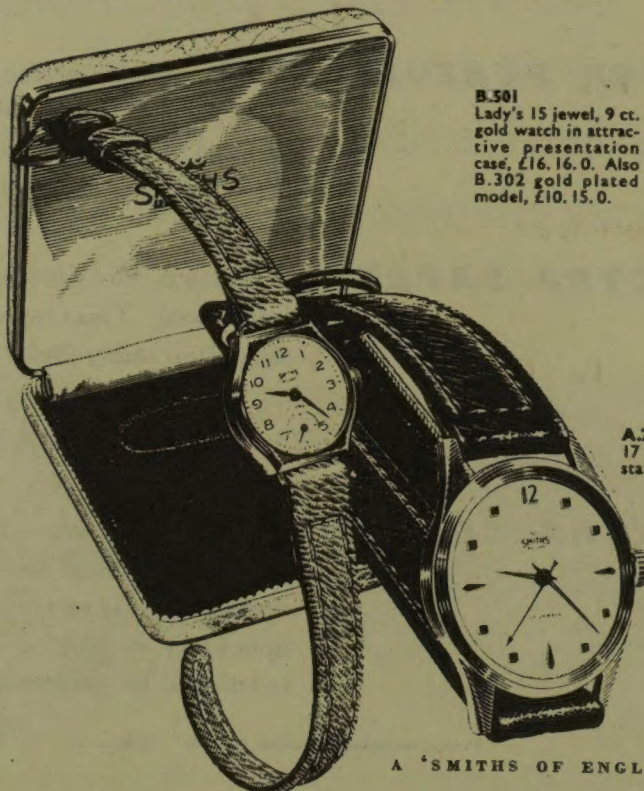
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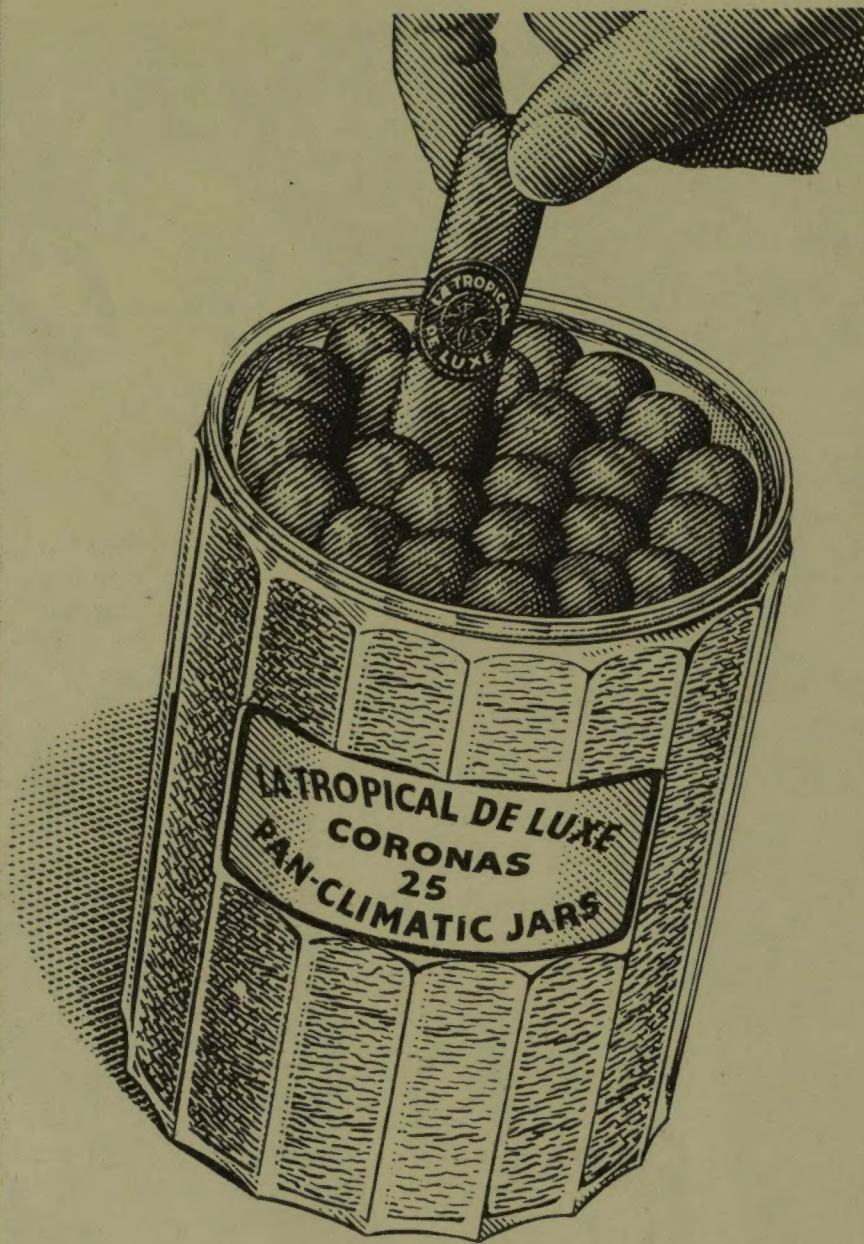


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Warmth is what one's really going to need this winter. And wonderfully warm but light in weight is this overcoat in Crombie fleece. Single-breasted, with flap pockets and buttoned-through front, it is available with either inset or raglan sleeves. But one need not question cut or style, for look—it is tailored by Burberrys!

PRICE 29 GUINEAS

Other prices from 26-32 guineas



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Play safe when you're buying cigars for somebody else! Choose from the fine imported Jamaicas—for most men prefer a mild cigar and most fine Jamaica cigars are mild. Choose La Tropical—a cigar that is notably mild without loss of character. For the gift that runs to 25 cigars, choose the exclusive Pan-Climatic jar—and know each cigar will be smoked at the peak of perfect condition!

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DIPLOMATS 4½ INCHES • PETIT CORONAS 5 INCHES
CORONAS 5½ INCHES

From 72/9d. the jar.

All La Tropical cigars also available in a wide range of other packings.

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Summer starting all through the winter

AND 80% LESS ENGINE WEAR

with BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' Motor Oil

YOU KNOW what starting your engine is like on a warm summer morning. Just press the button and away she goes. Running easily, freely, ready to bound ahead at the touch of the throttle. This is because the engine oil is so much thinner in summer than in winter.

Now you can have this kind of starting all through the winter. All you need to do is change to BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' motor oil. This all-the-year-round oil is extra thin when cold yet it has ample body when hot to protect your engine under all conditions.

You get complete oil circulation from the moment your engine starts even in hard frost. This cuts out the main cause of cylinder bore and piston ring wear. As a result you reduce wear on bores and piston rings by 80%.

BP Special Energol saves petrol too by reducing oil drag

in your engine. In start and stop running savings can be up to 12%. In normal running you save up to 5%.

Add up the benefits — easier starting, much less wear and saving in petrol. A change to BP Special Energol will transform your winter motoring. Decide to change now. But it must be a complete change. First have the engine drained and refilled, then run 500 miles and change again. After that revert to the normal change periods for your engine.

Do not use BP Special Energol if your engine is worn and in need of an overhaul. For such cars the suitable grade of normal BP Energol is the best choice.

BP Special Energol is obtainable at garages where you see the BP Shield, in pint, quart and 1 gallon sealed containers.

BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' has been tested and approved by most British Car Manufacturers.



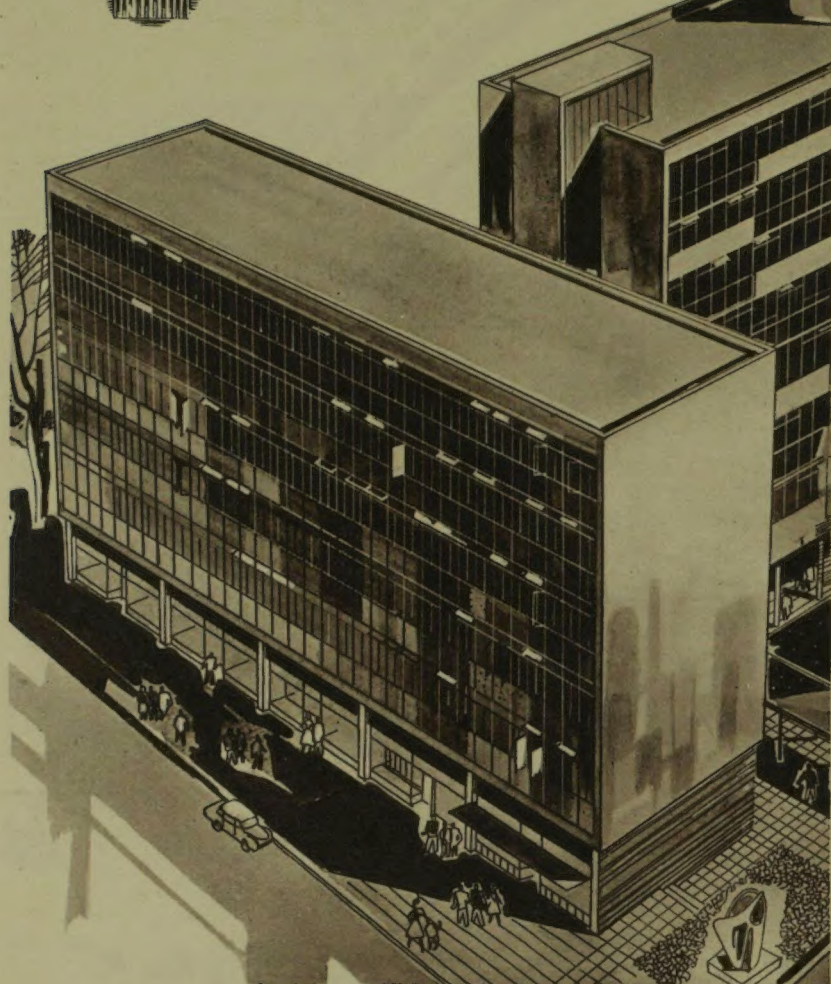
SPECIAL ENERGOL IS A PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED

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*"Beauty, Firmness and Convenience
are the principles"*



—Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723)



IF ARCHITECTURAL VALUES CHANGE with the centuries, architectural principles don't. Some of the basic concepts of Wren are curiously applicable to modern office blocks, factories and other large buildings constructed with Wallspan outer walls.

Employing new materials, Wallspan brings a happy atmosphere of light and air into workplaces and schools. It also gives rare beauty and colour to façades, as well as fantastic speed in their construction.

What Wallspan is. The weight of a modern building is borne entirely by the structural frame: the outer walls are simply protective and decorative. Wallspan is a grid of aluminium alloy, which is bolted to the weight-carrying frame. Into it go windows and doors.

Wallspan Beauty. The Wallspan grid is completed with any of a vast range of beautiful panellings faced in glass, stone, metal or other material—giving your architect striking opportunity for freshness and colour in design—giving you a building to be proud of.

Wallspan Firmness. Wallspan walls lose nothing in strength or durability by being light and bright. A Wallspan wall is as durable, stable and weatherproof as walls of traditional materials. It offers, in fact, more—not less—internal protection, since you can have panelling which gives up to 50 per cent. better insulation against cold—or heat—than cavity brick walls.

Wallspan Convenience. Wallspan affords altogether new standards of convenience. The grid members are so light that one man can handle them. So simple to erect that multi-story walls go up in *days*. So sensible that no painting or pointing-up is ever needed. Your window cleaners can keep Wallspan walls clean.

Finally, owing to its slim section, Wallspan can give you extra rentable floor space round every floor of a completed building whose human occupants enjoy a wonderful sense of airiness and freedom.

Why not have a word with your architect about the possibilities of Wallspan for any new buildings you may have in mind!

WALLSPAN

CURTAIN WALLING WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS

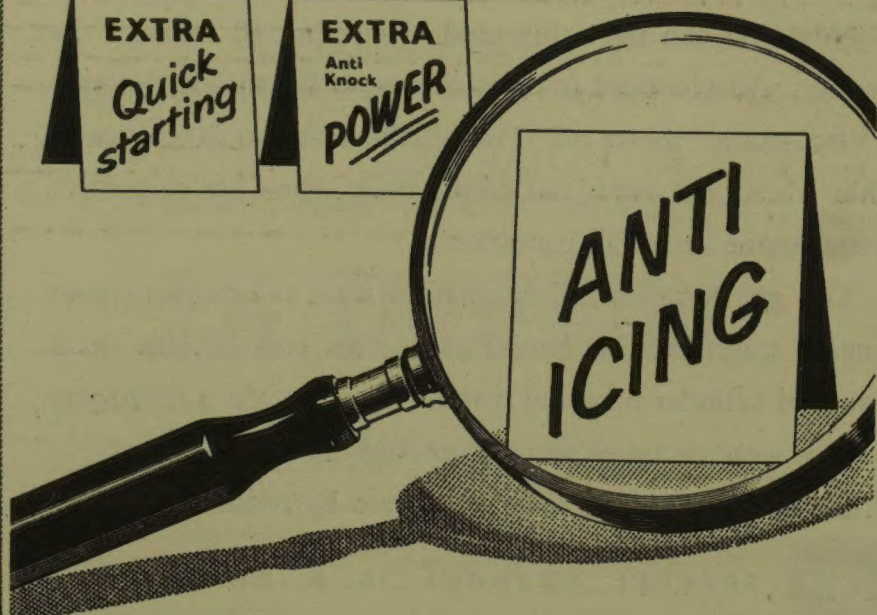
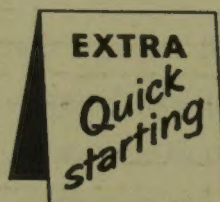
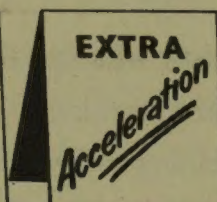
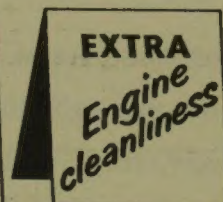
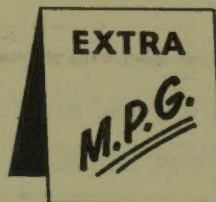
RELIANCE WORKS • CHESTER

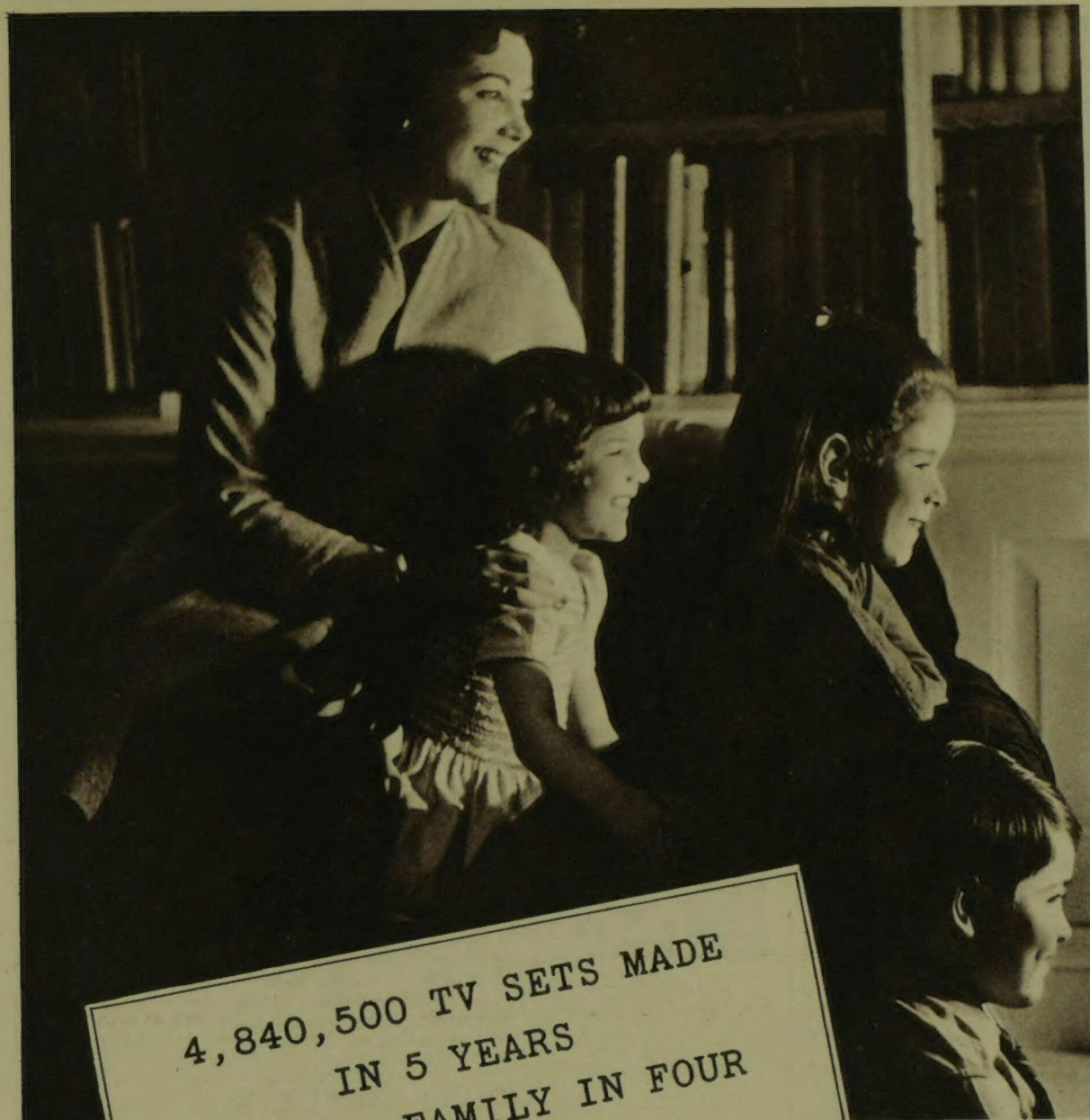
**You'll be using your building sooner—much sooner
—if it has Wallspan Walls!**



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**finest
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in the World





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IN 5 YEARS
NOW ONE FAMILY IN FOUR
HAS A SET

... it's part of Britain's progress,
to which The English Electric Company
contributes, at home and abroad ...

Britain's economic progress is something that can be seen in every shop, understood in every home.

Since 1949, Britain's industrial output has risen by 20% and the value of British exports has gone up by 42%.

More goods at home, more of the exports the country depends on ... mean *better living for Britain*. In both ways ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing a vital part.

Production needs power. 50 power stations have been brought into commission by the Central Electricity Authority since April 1948; output of current has risen by 60%. For these power stations, many of the turbines, generators, transformers and other equipment were provided by ENGLISH ELECTRIC.

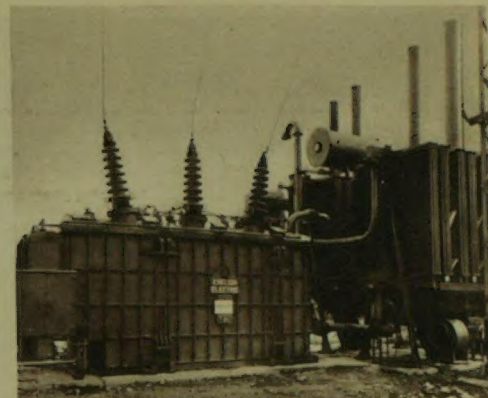
And ENGLISH ELECTRIC makes the motors and other electrical gear by which industries use this energy for

production; a huge, never-ending job of re-equipment, modernization. Thus, at home—much more power, for more production.

Export success

Moreover, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is a vigorous exporter of heavy equipment—and engineering skill. *About half the Group's business is overseas.* All over the world, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is earning for Britain—and winning a reputation that helps all British exports.

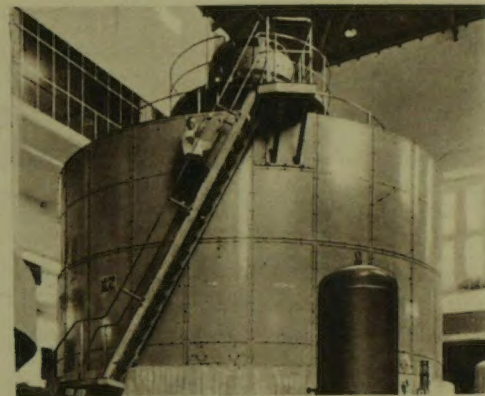
Because its activities range over most of the world, this Company acquires a great deal of varied experience, constantly extended. Without this precious asset, ENGLISH ELECTRIC's human and productive resources would be less effective than they are in contributing, at home and overseas, to Britain's continuing progress.



POWER FOR INDUSTRY. This transformer at Walsall Power Station helps control electricity needed in Midland factories, including many making TV sets.



EARNING MONEY OVERSEAS. Egypt has recently acquired 19 ENGLISH ELECTRIC five-coach articulated diesel-electric trains to operate a new high-speed passenger service.



DEVELOPING MARKETS OVERSEAS. Three 56,000-h.p. water-turbine generating sets, and all the other electrical equipment, were supplied by ENGLISH ELECTRIC to Cofrentes Power Station, part of Spain's big hydro-electric development plan.

To YOUNG MEN and their PARENTS

To any boy or young man considering a career in science or engineering, ENGLISH ELECTRIC offers almost unlimited opportunities. As a student or graduate apprentice, he will receive first-class training under excellent conditions, and can look forward to a choice of stimulating and rewarding jobs, at home or abroad, in this great organization. For details of ENGLISH ELECTRIC training schemes, please write to the Central Personnel Department.

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Contains 3 balls to each
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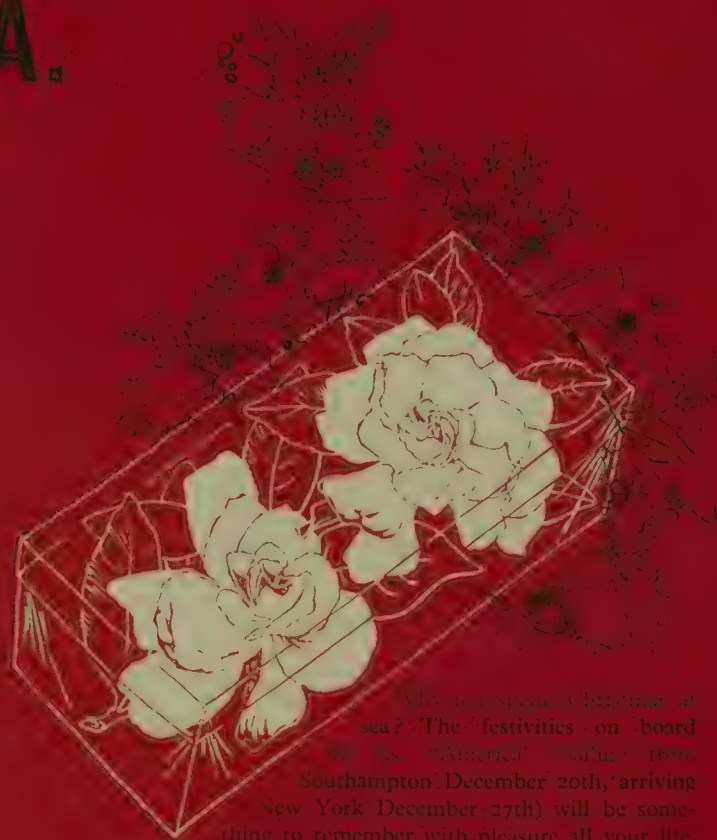
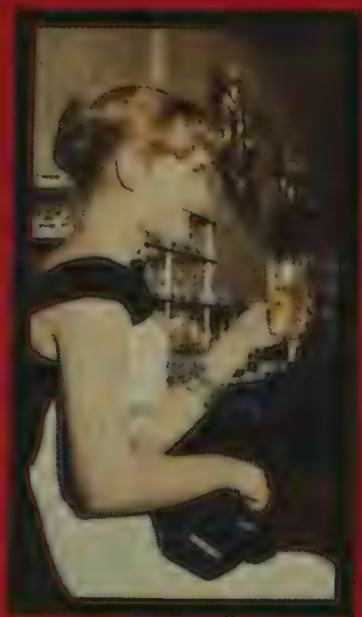


Meet Mr Brandyman

He's worth cultivating. Always ready to fit his mood to yours. In the company of ginger ale or soda he offers you the choice of two stimulating and refreshing long drinks.

Make friends with
MARTELL
BRANDY

The U.S.A. is 50 feet from Europe



Why not spend Christmas at sea? The festivities on board the s.s. "America" (departing from Southampton December 20th, arriving New York December 27th) will be something to remember with pleasure all your life.



She's enjoying her first really American drink—mixed as only an American barman knows how.

50 FEET between Europe and the U.S.A.? That's what we said. Step across the 50-foot gangway at Southampton and onto the Blue Riband s.s. "United States," or the beautiful s.s. "America," and you are *in* the U.S.A.

A few days of comfort and good living in the best tradition are all that lie between you and New York. The food and wines are of unsurpassed excellence. There are swimming pools, deck games, dancing every night to superb Meyer Davis bands, and the latest movies (the "United States" is equipped with Cinema-Scope in First, Cabin, and Tourist Class theatres). But, of course, the choice is yours; it's just as easy to rest and relax if you prefer.

You travel fast, yet there's never any sense of hurry. Your fare is payable in sterling and there are dollar-credits available for your expenses on board.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1955.



TYPICAL OF THOSE CELTS WHO, AT THE HEIGHT OF THEIR POWER, SACKED ROME IN 388 B.C.: A PORTRAIT FROM A LARGE AND REMARKABLE BRONZE WINE-JUG, FOUND THIS YEAR IN THE GRAVE OF A CELTIC PRINCESS IN SAARLAND.

Early this year the richly-furnished grave of a Celtic princess was found—by accident—near Reinheim, in Saarland; and among the amazingly rich and beautiful grave-goods (illustrated elsewhere in this issue) was a large bronze wine-jug, almost certainly of Celtic manufacture, which bears, especially on its handle, certain bearded human heads, sometimes wearing a headdress in the form of a bird. Such a portrait (enlarged several times) we reproduce here as typifying,

perhaps portraying, one of those Celts who, in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., took part in a great cultural resurgence, expressed both in art and in the activities, commercial and military, which swept them through Italy to the walls of the Capitol, through the Balkans and Greece to the sack of Delphi, and through Asia Minor to the founding of the Kingdom of Galatia. Other pictures of this same wine-jug appear on page 955.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the things that strikes one as one grows older is how very quickly people forget the not very distant past. This is partly, of course, because every year there are an increasing number of people who have never experienced that past. What happened in, say, 1910 or even 1920, means little to those born in 1930. It will mean even less to those born in 1940 when they, too, as they will in a few years' time, reach adult years, elect Members of Parliaments and Local Authorities, and choose, and so help to sustain and shape the opinion of, a daily newspaper. For newspapers, like Parliaments and Local Authorities, are also two-way instruments; they help to shape opinion, yet their views and their presentation of them are themselves influenced by the views and attitude of their readers. The *Daily Peepshow* can only treat its readers to the kind of fare and viewpoint expected by the readers of more solemn newspapers at the expense of being left without readers and so ceasing to be a newspaper. And the readers of the *Daily Peepshow*, unlike the readers of these more serious journals, are seldom interested in the past. What happened in 1910 usually seems of no concern to them at all.

I have been reminded of this by two things lately. One has been the kind of nonsense written about the early years of the present century by some of the reviewers of a recent biography of Horatio Bottomley. It appears to be the belief of more than one of these reviewers that Bottomley was a typical product of the England of Edward VII. and George V.; that that England was ruled by vulgar and unscrupulous adventurers; and that it was an age without a thought in its head but crooked financial gain, bought women, champagne, and jingo imperialism. No one who was brought up in an English middle-class or upper-middle-class home in the years before the First War, contrasting that age and its moral standards with this, could possibly believe anything so fantastically untrue. Whatever the faults of that age—and, like every other age, it had many—it was one of solidity, personal integrity, moral conviction and high liberal, if sometimes rather unrealist, aspiration. It was an age when most people who shaped public opinion and had a controlling say in national or local affairs still went to church and had an intense horror of corruption, lawlessness, indecency and violence. A man like Bottomley was remarkable, not because he was typical of his age, but because he was so untypical of it. It was, of course, as we can see now, an age when great changes were taking place under the surface of conventional life, when partly as a result of the very liberal aspirations of the respectable possessing classes, the possibilities of future power and wealth were passing to new hands, when the old standards and conventions were on the point of being first undermined, and then destroyed. Bottomley was one of the earliest to exploit and flourish on those immense subterranean changes and on the hopes and emotions they aroused, just as others, of very different political professions and social habits, exploited them from another angle. Bottomley, the crooked jingo financier, and the rabid anti-capitalist, anti-monarchist, anti-imperialist street agitator of the period were merely different manifestations of the same social disease. But neither were in the least characteristic of an age whose integrity, human dignity and ideals were best represented by the good and upright man who in 1910 ascended the British throne. King George V. and his consort, Queen Mary, symbolised in their character and sense of duty the nation that went to war in 1914, not in pursuit of any selfish imperialistic or financial end, but because it regarded it as its moral obligation to stand up to a dishonest bully and try to preserve the decencies and liberties of European civilisation. That in the struggle that ensued as a result that civilisation was the principal casualty was not the fault of Britain.

No nation, no generation, ever fought with cleaner hands or more nobly and valiantly than that which voluntarily flew to arms after the German violation of Belgian neutrality. It is an indication of the decline of moral perception during the past half-century that we no longer see that violation as the savage and bestial act that our more civilised fathers perceived it to be at the time. That there was much that was good in the Kaiser's Germany every educated Briton knows and knew then; but the brutality, heartless cruelty and breach of honour and faith involved in that unprovoked attack is something which should never be forgotten. The graves, known and unknown, of the million British subjects who gave their lives to restrain and defeat the military Empire that perpetrated it are an enduring reminder of the kind of people the British were in 1914. I have just been re-reading a letter, characteristic of countless thousands of others, written by a young man of that generation to his mother on the night before he fell in action on the Somme. For those who suppose that the spirit of England in the first two decades of this century was represented only by Horatio Bottomley it is salutary reading:

... To-night we go up to the last trenches we were in, and to-morrow we go over the top. . . . We shall probably attack over about 1200 yards, but we shall have such artillery support as will probably smash the Boche line we are going for. And even (which is unlikely) if the artillery doesn't come up to our hopes, the spirit of the Brigade of Guards will carry all resistance before it. The pride of being in such a great regiment! The thought that all the old men, "late Grenadier Guards," who sit in the London Clubs, are thinking and hoping about what we are doing here! I have never been prouder of anything, except your love for me, than I am of being a Grenadier. To-day is a great day for me. That line of Harry's rings through my mind, "High heart, high speech, high deeds, 'mid honouring eyes.'" . . . I feel rather like saying "If it be possible let this cup pass from me," but the triumphant finish "nevertheless not what I will but what Thou wilt," steals my heart and sends me into this battle with a heart of triple bronze. . . . Your love for me and my love for you, have made my whole life one of the happiest there has ever been; Brutus' farewell to Cassius sounds in my heart: "If not farewell; and if we meet again, we shall smile." Now all my blessings go with you, and with all we love. God bless you, and give you peace.*

The language of honour, the climate of ideas, may have changed in the past forty years—we have been through a major revolution in the time—but anyone who cannot recognise, shining through the words, the quality and character of the writer must be either very obtuse or very prejudiced.

Edward Wyndham Tennant, though anything but exceptional in his idealism and the manner of his death, was a boy born to wealth and great

position, the possessor of exceptional talents who might, had he lived, have become a major poet, and who wrote in his brief lifetime one of the loveliest lyrics in the English language. Most of those who gave their lives in the 1914-18 War, and by doing so preserved nearly everything that we inherit which we value, were people in very ordinary and modest circumstances. Many others did not lose their lives but lost their limbs in the nation's service and are still living a maimed life in our midst. One of the things which in Britain's then terrible ordeal the older generation that did not fight in the 1914-18 War vowed, was that those who made so great a sacrifice should never be forgotten by their country. But time has marched on. And in the issue of this journal for the Saturday after last Armistice Day there appeared a photograph of members of the British Limbless Ex-Servicemen's Association who had fought in that war passing the Empire Field of Remembrance outside St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on their way to the Cenotaph. In the foreground of the photograph was a large poppy-framed notice of Laurence Binyon's famous memorial line, "At the going down of the sun and in the morning, We will remember them." How little a new Britain has, in fact, done so is shown by the fact that subsequently the members of this procession of limbless ex-Servicemen, now growing old and increasingly frail, repaired to the Church House, Westminster, and later to the House of Commons, to protest against a Treasury scale which fixes the 1955 rate of pension of a man totally disabled in the 1914-18 War at £3 7s. 6d. a week. How an ageing

and totally disabled man is expected to live on this sum with the prevailing prices of to-day, it is not very easy to determine. The assessment of the degree of disablement for pension purposes is supposed to be made on a medical basis by a comparison with the condition of a normal healthy person of the same age and sex. When one compares what we now statutorily regard as a just pension to those who surrendered in their country's cause their ability to earn a normal livelihood—as well as so much else that can never be priced or repaid—with the wages which are to-day paid by industry to unskilled youths, who, through no fault of their own, have never done their country any service at all, one feels pretty small. Everyone knows how rigid the rules of the Treasury are and have to be, and with what meticulous, and sometimes seemingly inhuman, exactitude and rectitude they are interpreted by their official guardians. But we are governed by a Parliament, elected by ourselves, and many members of that Parliament, including both the present Prime Minister and Leader of the Opposition, served with gallantry and distinction in the First World War and can well remember—for who that was there could ever forget it?—the human sacrifices that were made to win it. Their responsibility—and ours—to these old and hard-used comrades is inescapable. This seems to me to be one of those cases where we and they ought to insist, regardless of administrative arguments to the contrary, that justice should be done, and should not take No for an answer.

* "Edward Wyndham Tennant," by Pamela Glenconner. The Bodley Head (1919); pp. 234-235.

DISCOVERED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO BY DR. LIVINGSTONE:
THE VICTORIA FALLS.



"THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE RIVER ZAMBESI, SOUTH AFRICA, FROM A SKETCH BY MR. T. BAINES, F.R.G.S.": A REPRODUCTION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF OCTOBER 20, 1866, WHICH FORMS AN INTERESTING PARALLEL WITH THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED ON PAGES 960-961. This view of the famous falls which Dr. Livingstone discovered on November 17, 1855, was, as we wrote in our issue of October 20, 1866, drawn by Mr. Baines (who, with Mr. James Chapman, visited the Falls in 1862); "and compiled from the series of sketches and measurements taken . . . on the spot, with the utmost possible accuracy, for the purpose of constructing the large model, in cork, which has been exhibited at the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society. . . . The illustration gives a very correct notion of these fantastic perversions and distortions of the channel below the falls, whilst the broad expanse of the river above the falls, with the beautiful green islands . . . which seem almost to hang on the verge of the cataract, is partially hidden by the lofty columns of spray . . ."

IN LONDON: AN ANNIVERSARY DISPLAY, AND A NOTABLE ROYAL OCCASION.



HEALTH AND BEAUTY AT THE ALBERT HALL: "CO-ORDINATED MOVEMENT" PERFORMED BY ADVANCED MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY DURING A DISPLAY HELD ON NOVEMBER 26 TO MARK THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE MOVEMENT'S FOUNDATION BY THE LATE MRS. BAGOT STACK.



INSTALLED AS THE FIRST WOMAN CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLY IN THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL.

On November 24 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was installed as the first woman Chancellor of the University of London at an impressive and colourful ceremony in the Royal Festival Hall. Among the 3000 people in the auditorium were delegates from universities and university colleges throughout the world.

After her installation the Queen Mother addressed the assembly and conferred six honorary degrees, before presiding at a luncheon at Guildhall. In the evening the Queen Mother, as Chancellor of the University of London, was hostess at a reception at St. James's Palace.

FROM STONE-THROWING TO MURDER: THE EXTREMES OF TERRORISM IN CYPRUS, WHERE A STATE OF EMERGENCY WAS DECLARED FOLLOWING INCREASED VIOLENCE.



DAMAGED BY STONE-THROWING GREEK CYPRIOTS: THE BRITISH TOURIST OFFICE IN NICOSIA, WHOSE WINDOWS HAVE BEEN FREQUENTLY SMASHED SINCE RIOTING BEGAN.



DEMONSTRATING GREEK SUPPORT FOR GREEK CYPRIOTS: MARCHING CROWDS WITH BANNERS DEMANDING THE RELEASE OF KARAOULIS, SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR KILLING A POLICEMAN.



DONNING GAS MASKS BEFORE GOING INTO ACTION AGAINST RIOTERS: MEN OF THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT, WHO DISPERSED STONE-THROWING GANGS IN NICOSIA.



DASHING THROUGH A STREET IN NICOSIA TO BREAK UP A DEMONSTRATION BY STUDENTS: BRITISH TROOPS, WEARING HELMETS AND CARRYING SHIELDS FOR PROTECTION.



PARADING IN A STREET IN NICOSIA BEFORE MOVING OFF TO BREAK UP A DEMONSTRATION: CYPRIOT POLICE, ARMED WITH BATONS AND SHIELDS.

The wave of terrorist violence which spread across the island of Cyprus on November 18 persisted during the ensuing week with undiminished savageness. On November 20, British troops fought a running battle through the streets of Famagusta after terrorists had opened fire on a British military patrol car. On the following day, a British sergeant was shot dead when an Army truck was



THE AFTERMATH OF A NICOSIAN STONE-THROWING INCIDENT. AN INJURED RIOTER RECEIVES TREATMENT FROM A BRITISH SERGEANT WHILE OTHER CYPRIOTS LOOK ON.

attacked with Sten-gun fire in the same area. Widespread rioting in Nicosia and Larnaca broke out on November 22. Troops and police were attacked with stones, rifle-fire and grenades. The rioting began when students staged demonstrations in protest against the closing of schools in Nicosia and Larnaca which they had refused to attend. They stoned men of the South Staffordshire Regiment, who dispersed them with baton charges and tear-gas. Other groups of youths began erecting road-blocks in Nicosia, but scattered when troops arrived on the scene. The pattern was repeated on November 23, with British troops countering



BLOCKING A ROADWAY IN NICOSIA: HASTY BARRICADES, ERECTED BY GREEK CYPRIOT STUDENTS PROTESTING AGAINST THE CLOSING OF THE SCHOOL THEY HAD REFUSED TO ATTEND.



HURLING STONES AT ADVANCING POLICE AND TROOPS OUTSIDE THE PANORAMIC CHURCH, IN NICOSIA: A GANG OF CYPRIOT GREEK YOUTHS DEMONSTRATING AGAINST THE CLOSURE OF THEIR SCHOOL. A GREEK CHURCH DIGNITARY, IN THE FOREGROUND, HASTENS AWAY.



THE FLOODED BALLROOM OF THE LEDRA PALACE HOTEL, NICOSIA, AFTER A GRENADE EXPLOSION BURST A WATER-PIPE. FOUR PEOPLE WERE SLIGHTLY INJURED.

bombs and stones with tear-gas and baton charges, largely in the Nicosia area. November 24 saw the death of two more British soldiers, one a sergeant who was shot dead while walking through a street in Nicosia, and the other a private, killed when two Army vehicles were ambushed near the mountain village of Khandia. On November 25, another British ambush victim died after being shot in the neck when a R.E.M.E. convoy was fired on near Petra. As a result of these atrocities, and of the deteriorating situation in the island, the Governor, Sir John Harding, proclaimed a state of emergency on November 26. Within



CAUGHT BY TROOPS OF THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT DURING THE RIOTS IN NICOSIA: A GREEK CYPRIOT STUDENT, ENGAGED IN A STONE-THROWING INCIDENT.



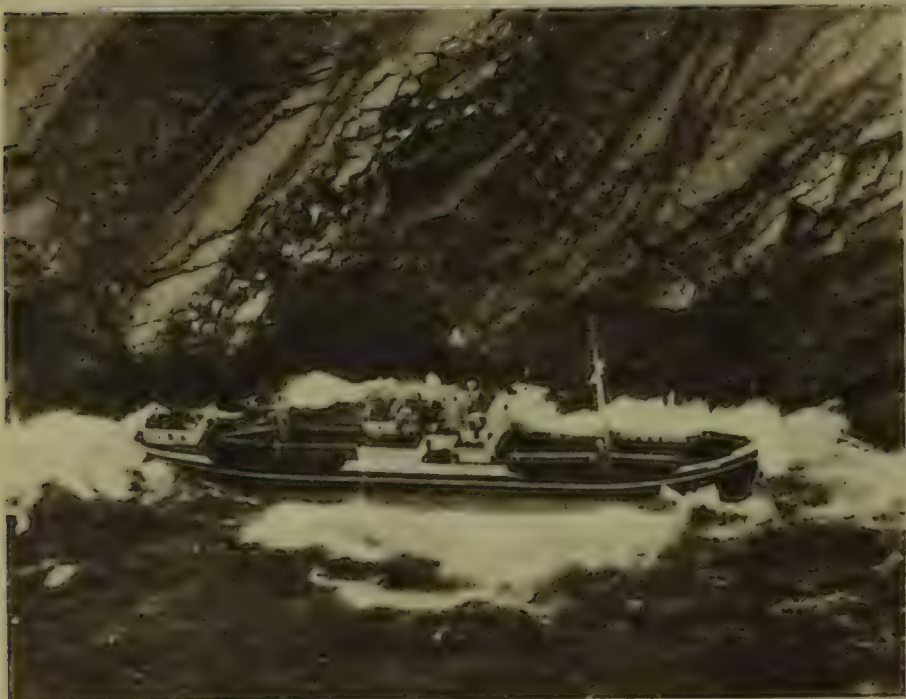
LED AWAY BY A BRITISH SOLDIER: A YOUNG STUDENT WHO TOOK PART IN A NICOSIAN STONE-THROWING INCIDENT. WITH THE STATE OF EMERGENCY YOUNG OFFENDERS MAY BE WHIPPED.



SALUTING THE GRAVE OF A MURDERED SERGEANT. A SCENE AT THE BRITISH MILITARY CEMETERY IN NICOSIA, WHERE A RECENT VICTIM OF GREEK CYPRIOT TERRORISM WAS BURIED.

a few hours, a grenade was exploded in the Ledra Palace Hotel, in Nicosia, where a St. Andrew's Day dance was in progress. Four people were slightly injured. The explosion burst a water-pipe and the ballroom was partly flooded. Apparently, a second grenade was thrown, but did not explode. The hotel staff on duty at the time were taken to police headquarters for interrogation.

ATLANTIC HAZARDS: A BRAZILIAN COUP: AND RIOTING IN BOMBAY.

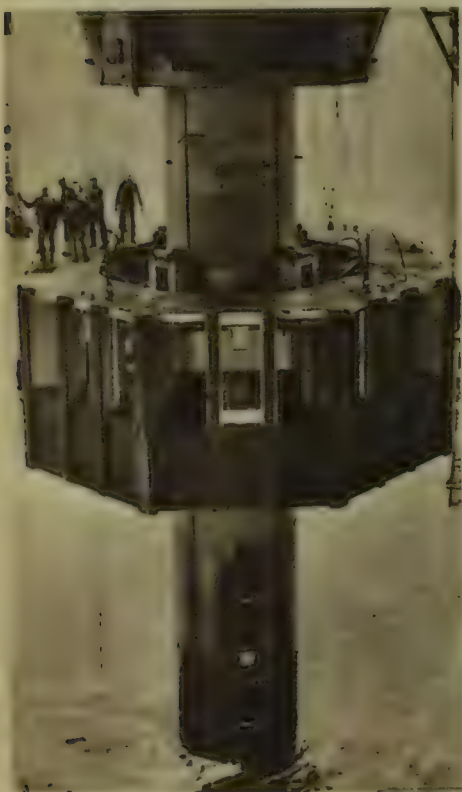


AGROUND ON THE ROCK-BOUND COAST OF CAPE ST. LAWRENCE, NOVA SCOTIA: THE LIBERIAN FREIGHTER, *KISMET II*, (2848 TONS), WHOSE CREW WAS RESCUED BY HELICOPTER. When the Liberian cargo boat *Kismet II*, went aground on the isolated coast of Cape St. Lawrence, Nova Scotia, on November 26, a rough sea prevented surface craft from going to her aid. The crew of twenty-two was eventually taken off by helicopter, which lowered a boatswain's chair to haul them to safety.



GUARDING A STRATEGIC CORNER IN RIO DE JANEIRO DURING AN ARMY COUP: TROOPS AT A MACHINE-GUN POST WHEN THE MINISTER OF WAR SEIZED CONTROL.

On November 11, the Brazilian Minister of War, General Teixeira Lott, seized control of Rio de Janeiro in a military coup ostensibly designed to ensure the newly-elected President Kubitschek taking office next January. Overnight, troops armed with machine-guns, tanks and anti-aircraft guns manned strategic points in the capital. No resistance was offered.



RIDING A RADAR TOWER DURING AN ATLANTIC STORM: MEN ON A U.S. RADAR OUTPOST ANCHORED 110 MILES FROM SHORE.

During recent Atlantic storms, part of America's "Texas Tower," the radar tower anchored 110 miles off Cape Cod, was damaged. The photograph, left, taken in calm weather, shows maintenance men on one of the "fenders," protecting the tower from collision by ships; on the right, it has broken loose and is being battered to pieces by angry seas during the hurricane-force winds of November 20.



EATING WHILE THEIR TOWER TOTTERS: MAINTENANCE AND SERVING MEN ABOARD THE "TEXAS TOWER" DURING HURRICANE-FORCE WINDS ON NOVEMBER 20. THIS, THE FIRST OF AMERICA'S RADAR TOWERS, IS ANCHORED 110 MILES EAST OF CAPE COD.



TRYING TO SEIZE A RIFLE FROM A POLICE SERGEANT: RIOTERS IN BOMBAY DEMONSTRATING AGAINST THE CONTROVERSIAL STATE REORGANISATION PROPOSALS.

November 21 was a day of violent rioting in Bombay, on which ten persons were killed and over 200 were injured. The outbreak followed a Communist-directed strike which was called to protest against the Government's rejection of the demand for a United Maharashtra State, with Bombay City as the capital.



A BUS BLAZES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CITY DURING THE RECENT BOMBAY RIOTS, IN WHICH SEVERAL PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND MANY WERE INJURED.

Feelings in Bombay were roused by the plan of Mr. Nehru's Government to split Bombay State into three. On November 21 rioting broke out and nearly 1000 people were arrested before order was restored. There were further outbreaks of rioting on November 27 when trouble started after a vast public meeting.



A THANKSGIVING DAY PHOTOGRAPH: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AT GETTYSBURG, WITH HIS THREE GRANDCHILDREN AND HIS SON, THEIR FATHER, MAJOR JOHN EISENHOWER.

On Thanksgiving Day, November 24, by the special permission of his doctors, President Eisenhower, at dinner with his family at Gettysburg, ate the turkey, traditional to the day throughout America. This photograph, taken at a neighbour's farm, shows the President with his three grandchildren. A fourth grandchild is expected around Christmas and may be born in the White House.



DURING HIS INSPECTION OF ATOMIC PLANTS IN NORTHERN ENGLAND: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, IN WHITE BOOTS, OVERALL AND CAP (LEFT), AT THE SPRINGFIELDS URANIUM PLANT. On November 22 the Duke of Edinburgh visited two atomic plants, Capenhurst, in Cheshire, and after a journey by helicopter, Springfields, in Lancashire. On November 23 he visited the atomic power-station at Calder Hall, in Cumberland; and on November 24 paid other visits in the neighbourhood, including a descent of an anhydrite mine, at Whitehaven.



THE FIRST FREEMAN OF THE BOROUGH OF HARROW: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL (LEFT) WITH THE CRYSTAL CASKET; (CENTRE) THE MAYOR AND (SEATED RIGHT) LADY CHURCHILL. On November 24 Sir Winston Churchill, accompanied by Lady Churchill and his daughter Mrs. Anthony Beauchamp, and—appropriately, since it was America's Thanksgiving Day—by Senator Mansfield of Montana—travelled to Harrow to receive the Freedom of the Borough of Harrow—the first Freedom of the Borough, which was incorporated in 1939. The scroll, presented by the Mayor, Alderman S. R. Miller,

ROYAL OCCASIONS: AND NEWS OF THE GREAT FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.



REAR-ADMIRAL BYRD, THE VETERAN U.S. ANTARCTIC EXPLORER, POINTING TO A MAP OF THE POLAR REGION ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE TO COMMAND A U.S. EXPEDITION. On November 25 Rear-Admiral Byrd (who is sixty-seven) left the States by air for New Zealand, where he was to join the vanguard of his expedition to the Antarctic. He was recently appointed officer in charge of the Antarctic programme with responsibility for the political, scientific, legislative and operational activities of the United States in the area.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER CONGRATULATING HER HORSE DEVON LOCH, A NINE-YEAR-OLD STEEPLECHASER, AFTER ITS WIN IN THE BLINDLEY HEATH RACE AT LINGFIELD PARK ON NOVEMBER 25. IT BEAT RED TRUMP BY FOUR LENGTHS. DEVON LOCH IS IMPROVING STEADILY AND CAN BE EXPECTED TO RUN IN THE KING GEORGE VI. STEEPLECHASE ON BOXING DAY.



LEAVING AFTER HIS SIXTEENTH ANNUAL VISIT TO THE HARROW SCHOOL SING-SONG: SIR WINSTON SMILES AS THE BOYS OF HARROW SCHOOL CHEER HIM ON HIS WAY. was contained in a cut-crystal casket, executed by craftsmen living and working within the borough. The Freedom was described as "an expression of gratitude for his magnificent, wise and courageous leadership." In his speech of thanks, Sir Winston referred to his early days at Harrow School; and in the evening of the same day paid his sixteenth annual visit to the sing-song at Harrow School, from time to time joining in the songs.



A SATIRE ON THE WORLD OF TOMORROW.

"THE RETURN OF ARTHUR. A POEM OF THE FUTURE"; By MARTYN SKINNER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. MASEFIELD once wrote a book called "ODTAA"; which, being translated, meant One Damned Thing After Another. The phrase, from time to time, might pardonably rise to the lips of one whose duty it is to contemplate the unending stream of new books which flows from the press. Very often it is not merely one D.T. after another, but one D.T. closely resembling a lot of other D.T.s. Consequently, it is a great relief, now and then, to come across a new book with a distinctive personality of its own. Here is one which is, as the advertisers of other sorts of goods so often and so optimistically say: "something different."

It is some years since Mr. Martyn Skinner published his "Letters to Malaya," which were commentaries, not entirely favourable, on modern events and customs, written in Popean couplets. For a satirist to use the customary vehicle of an earlier and notable satirist has its dangers. The form may bring too strong an influence with it over phrase, "tempo" and even sentiment, and the reader, like Mrs. Gummidge, may be too often tempted to "thinking of the Old 'Un." In "Letters to Malaya," Mr. Skinner did not entirely avoid this peril. For myself, though frequently amused and almost always sharing his likes and dislikes (in regard to the latter a great bond among men!), I found myself constantly saying "that's almost worthy of Pope," or "Pope's craftsmanship was a good deal neater than this," or, in contrast, "That's better, he's switched from Pope's time to ours, and doffed his wig." But all that was rather an obstruction: all the time the cunning face of Pope was leering over the satirist's shoulder and I felt, uncomfortably, that I was in rather a schizophrenic atmosphere.

Mr. Skinner has taken up a similar challenge again and much more successfully. Were a really great satirist to appear to-day (and I don't know whether he would be widely welcomed, as the country, at this time, seems to think that the Hydrogen Bomb, though hardly cricket, is an unfortunate necessity, but that the severe lampooning of, say, Crichton Down, or the suicide of Mr. Pilgrim, would be cruelty to honest public servants who cannot defend themselves) I think that his "savage indignation" would produce its own volcanic metre and stanza. But Mr. Skinner has been once more content to model himself on a predecessor, and this time the predecessor is the Byron of "Don Juan."

That Byron is a most infectious man. He imported from the Italian a stanza at once concise and rapidly moving, which suited his tongue and temperament to a nicety. It encouraged irony, quick contrasts of mood, deliberate bathos, and comically ingenious double rhymes, and gave full scope to his dominant characteristics, namely, his quick-wittedness, his grinning ingenuity and his eloquence. Many men (and one girl of my acquaintance, with some success) since his time have thought: "What a perfect instrument for satire" and have produced works in which his lordship's stanza has brought with it so much of his vocabulary, turns of speech, and even ways of thought, that the writers have appeared to the reader as mere apes, undeliberately mimicking their original's utterance as, sometimes, Englishmen will come back from Ireland (Southern) or the United States with something of a brogue or a tentative American accent. It is to Mr. Skinner's credit that he has jumped this fence. When I met the first stanza:

I sing the future—much in the same spirit
As Scott or Ariosti sang the past;
The present never seems to have much merit;
Though nowadays it isn't by the last
But coming centuries we feel outclassed;
And, scanning human history, we're stirred
Chiefly by that which hasn't yet occurred.

I muttered to myself: "Oh, one more copier with Byron's mask on." It is Mr. Skinner's best achievement that, as his narrative proceeded, one reader at least forgot all about Byron, remembered the existence of Mr. Skinner, and was sometimes fascinated by the interest of Mr. Skinner's theme.

His title is: "The Return of Arthur." The real Arthur, if he existed (as I believe he did), was the last leader in the West against the heathen, and murderous, destroyers from North Germany and Denmark who swarmed in to burn and obliterate the

and the Pre-Raphaelites, full mediæval armour, with knights and squires in attendance, and Plantagenet castles in which to dwell and to which to retreat. But the important things about him were not his accoutrements, but his set purpose to defend the Faith, to die rather than to surrender, and to hold to the motto

"Fidelity." That is the King whom Mr. Skinner has brought back.

He hasn't brought him back to our immediate day; had he so done he might have made the King's horses shy and bolt at the sight of Manchester or the Brighton Road. He has brought him into the England of the Near Future, an England partly reverting to feudalism and partly dominated by Communist Sky-Scraperism and Lubyanka Prisons, of a rather Orwellian kind. A clear picture of the Future Mr. Skinner does not give: it is all muddled and I am not sure what King Arthur is going to rescue us from, except to the extent that what is going to happen to us is pretty deadly, a mixture of sky-scraperism and the Stone Age. I think, in fact, that Mr. Skinner, after writing his book, might have reconsidered and rewritten it: the ideas are not sorted out.

Nevertheless, it was a pleasure to read and (for me)

to read for the second time. Skinner comes through Byron, uses modern slang instead of the slang of the Corinthians, and almost makes the stanza his own. I can but give an example:

Kings in a rage—we tend to think of queens:
Victoria imperiously snubbing;
Or Gloriana in those trenchant scenes
When she gave factious parliaments a
drubbing,
Or sent a preacher from the pulpit blubbing.
Her motto may have been *Eadem Semper*,
But even Burleigh must have feared her
temper

—As Merlin Arthur's, which was sometimes short.

And though there was no threat of Tower or block

In his case, yet, preparing his report

On George's absence—bound to be a shock—

He mused on his old life beneath the rock,

And wondered if it had been so unpleasant

Lying there, spellbound, taskless and quiescent.

There are many entertaining passages in this semi-poem, no boring ones, and some enchanting ones. The author is well-enough instructed as to "survey mankind from China to Peru," and to be aware of mankind's weaknesses and vicissitudes. He has had the luck (for a satirist, but not for the rest of us, who crave only peace, security and content) to be born in an age of contentious doctrines, sudden violence, and reckless uprootings. The world has always been a fit subject for satire, and never more so than now.

I cannot suppose that by some magic wand, or change of mind in Russia, Germany, Whitehall, etc., etc., objects of satire will suddenly disappear, so I dare say that Mr. Skinner will find later themes for his muse. But I do hope that, when he does, he will not model himself on Pope or on Byron, but find his own medium and charge in—the more violently the better.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 976 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. MARTYN SKINNER. Mr. Martyn Skinner, who was born in 1906, received the Hawthornden prize in 1943 and the Heinemann Award in 1947. Since 1932 he has farmed in the Chilterns. His publications include: "Sir Elfadore and Mabyna"; "Letters to Malaya"; "Two Colloquies" and "Merlin." From a portrait by Eric Kennington.

THE SOVIET LEADERS' VISIT TO INDIA.



IN NEW DELHI: MARSHAL BULGANIN ADDRESSING A JOINT SESSION OF THE INDIAN HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT IN A SPEECH IN WHICH HE ATTACKED THE WESTERN POWERS.



AT AGRA WHERE HE AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV SAW THE TAJ MAHAL AT SUNRISE: MARSHAL BULGANIN BEING GIVEN THE CASTE MARK BY A YOUNG INDIAN GIRL AT A RECEPTION.

The Soviet Prime Minister, Marshal Bulganin, and Mr. Khrushchev, Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, arrived at New Delhi by air on November 18 at the beginning of their State visit to India. On November 21 the Soviet leaders were given a tremendous ovation when they made speeches before a joint session of the Indian Houses of Parliament in New Delhi. Marshal Bulganin chose this occasion to launch a sweeping attack on the Western Powers. This speech evoked some sharp criticism from a Foreign Office spokesman in London on November 22. A final comment said: "Marshal Bulganin seems to be thoroughly hypocritical." On November 24 another vehement attack was launched on the Western Powers by Mr. Khrushchev at a dinner given by the Indo-Soviet Cultural Society in Bombay, in which he accused the Allies of having started World War II, and of sending "the troops of Hitlerite Germany" against Russia.

These two photographs have no connection with the book under review.

Romano-Celtic civilisation, remains of which are still being excavated. He must have worn, presumably, the Roman armour of the time: not, as in the mediæval legends, revived in pale beauty, by Lord Tennyson

* "The Return of Arthur. A Poem of the Future." By Martyn Skinner. (Chapman and Hall; 25s. 6d.)



CELEBRATING HIS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY ON DECEMBER 8: JEAN SIBELIUS, THE WORLD-FAMOUS FINNISH COMPOSER.

Jean Sibelius, the great Finnish composer, will be ninety on December 8. The occasion will be celebrated throughout the world, and nowhere more devotedly than in his native Finland. Seldom can a composer have achieved so much honour during his lifetime. Certain of his works—the first symphony, written as long ago as 1899, “En Saga,” the Karelia suite, “The Swan of Tuonela,” and the ubiquitous “Valse Triste”—are familiar to even the most desultory music-lover; his more difficult later works are internationally prized and performed. It is

remarkable that his latest symphony to be made available, the seventh, was completed in 1925; the violin concerto in 1903. The latter has had no successor; an eighth symphony, projected some twenty-five years ago, has either remained uncompleted or is not intended for performance during the composer's lifetime. Sibelius is reputed to spend most of his time nowadays studying scores. In June this year, however, he attended the birthday week festivities in Helsinki, celebrating in advance the great occasion of his ninetieth birthday.

Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.

THE inaugural meeting of the Baghdad Pact Council began on November 21. The eastern countries of this pact, Pakistan, Persia, Iraq and Turkey, have been called "the Northern Tier" from their geographical and strategic position. The fifth member is the United Kingdom. There is at the moment no "Southern Tier," and no sign of one, owing to discord in the Arab world and hostility between it and Israel. The most discordant factor has been Egypt's jealousy of the status of Iraq and her anger that any treaty involving an Arab State should be concluded otherwise than under her leadership. At one time there was hope of beginning the creation of a defence front against militant Communism with the setting up of a "Southern Tier," but this was eventually found to be out of the question. That is not to say that the possibility of any of the second-line States joining must be discounted. Jordan might well do so. Syria is less likely to, but even this cannot be ruled out.

The object of the inaugural meeting is the usual one in these cases of providing a permanent organisation. There has now been established a standard "set-up" of a Council of Ministers, meeting at various intervals, and an organisation always in session which carries on the day-to-day business affecting the pact. I write before it has become clear whether in this case the permanent organisation will consist of a military committee only, or, as I should say is more probable, will include an economic committee also. In the latter case the Foreign Minister of Iraq and the Ambassadors of the other countries concerned would certainly form the most suitable membership. The Baghdad Pact is a little N.A.T.O.—is it fated to be known by some ridiculous title such as "Nortier"?—but it would be sheer *folie des grandeurs* to imitate its organisation in detail. I have a strong suspicion that a number of international bodies to-day would be more efficient if they were smaller.

The United States has been represented by her Ambassador and military observers. Washington has blessed the project from the first and has now announced that it will establish political and military liaison with the organisation set up. It would appear, however, that the United States is most unlikely to become a member of the pact until an Arab-Israeli settlement has been reached, or at least until some easing of relations has occurred. The United States Government has always to walk delicately in any matter affecting the interests of Israel, and most of all when elections are approaching. It may also reason that, if it keeps out of the pact, while regarding it with friendliness, it will stand in a more independent situation with regard to questions of military aid. At the present moment no nation is more eager to obtain additional arms than Israel.

The main function of the pact is to fill, or fill as far as may be, the very wide gap which yawns between N.A.T.O. and S.E.A.T.O. On the left flank, indeed, the link is close, since Turkey is a member of N.A.T.O. as well as of the Baghdad Pact. On the right it is rather more nebulous. As a defence barrier it cannot be considered physically strong, though the flanking armies of Pakistan and Turkey are of respectable strength. The moral effect of union is, however, considerable, especially when Britain is a member of the partnership. Incidentally, the pact renders any solution of the Cyprus question more difficult, because an offer acceptable to the people of the island would offend Turkey, a key member. I think our official attitude here fails to take account of the fact that membership of N.A.T.O., and to a lesser extent of this later pact, is very valuable to Turkey, and that the prospect of her walking out in pique is remote. From every other point of view the Baghdad Pact is an important achievement.

Commentators have not failed to point out that, during the formation of the Baghdad Pact, Russia has not only condemned it but has taken the more practical step of intervening directly in the Middle East by passing to the rear of the countries concerned and arranging for the provision of arms to Egypt. I cannot see why this should provide a reason for postponing the formation of the pact. In any case, we are not yet in a position to judge what the effects of this intervention will be, and especially how far it will take a political form. Even Egypt, though she has become a Left-Wing revolutionary autocracy, is far from being Communist, and the other Arab States are still further. When Mr. Macmillan was asked,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

"THE NORTHERN TIER."

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

as he was about to enter his aircraft for Baghdad, if he thought that Russia had undermined the pact, he is reported to have answered: "That has not been the effect elsewhere. It has been the experience usually that where there has been Russian intervention it has made people draw closer together."

All the above is concerned directly with the pact. It had, however, been made clear before the delegates assembled at Baghdad that the opportunity would be taken to discuss the parlous state of the relations between Israel and Egypt, and the danger that it might result in a war into which other Arab States would be drawn. Iraq has always been far enough from Israel to get a better perspective than the latter's neighbours. It goes without saying that she has no

display the slightest sign of anything which could be construed as weakness. Diplomats have got into the habit of shouting to the world to such an extent that, when they try private and secret talks for a change, they themselves are sometimes surprised to find how successful these may be. There are certain questions, such as turning the demarcation line into a viable frontier—of course on the principle that

where one side gives up a strip here it must receive the equivalent there—compensation for the lost property of refugees, irrigation where a common concern, which could perhaps be advanced more surely, even if but slowly, by secret conversations than by the now generally accepted methods of modern diplomacy.

To return to the Baghdad Pact, there has passed across my mind while I have been writing the question whether many people in this country found it out of accord with the new relations established with Soviet Russia. Supposing the Baghdad meeting had taken place a week after the Geneva "Summit" Conference of last July, should we not all of us have found the juxtaposition astonishing, if not shocking? I cannot profess to guide men's consciences, but I do

not think they need be distressed on this score. Another conference at Geneva has since taken place. It was of a very different nature, but, even then, it did not put us back where we had been. The prospect of avoiding another world war has improved. What has hardly improved is the prospect of keeping clear of cold war. The sale of arms to Egypt was a typical cold-war tactic. Russian determination to maintain a Communist régime in Eastern Germany was another. We may well have a lot more of that sort of thing ahead of us.

British encouragement of, and adhesion to, a defence pact such as that of Baghdad cannot therefore, in my view, be held to be either rash or in conflict with the spirit of the times. All the nations concerned in it are anxious to avoid wars, big or little. Persia and Iraq possess one of the world's vastest stores of an extremely valuable but at the same time high explosive commodity—oil. They are well aware that their pact is not in itself a full guarantee of the power to defend this treasure. At the same time, they feel, with reason, that it gives them assurance against the success of a limited attack and diminishes the chances of a major one. These are objectives worth an effort. Turkey may feel that the pact, though less important to her than N.A.T.O., gives her something which N.A.T.O. does not. Pakistan, between a rather unfriendly India and a very unfriendly Afghanistan, now feels less the sense of being out in the cold.

To me it seems that the only important point in the question I put to myself is whether Russia may regard the pact as provocative. I cannot believe that she does, whatever her spokesmen may have to say about it. I have written in the past that Russian statesmen, walled off from the world as they were in the days of Stalin, may have had so false a conception of American and British civilisation as to believe that these peoples might launch a war of aggression against their country. People are saying hard things about the July Geneva Conference, but I am convinced it opened Russian eyes to the truth in this respect—and if it did no more than this it still did a lot. I can think of nothing more desirable for the sake of the world than travel tours for Russian statesmen. Russian propaganda? Perhaps, but far better American, British, French or Italian propaganda.

Finally, the discussion of the relations between Israel and her Arab neighbours, to which I have referred, is closely related to the pact, though it has, of course, a wider significance. While these relations remain as bad as they now are, and at the same time Egypt is unfriendly to the pact, the little Arab States may be scared out of joining it. They would, as things stand, be taking a serious risk in offending

Egypt, as would be the case if they joined, because they would feel almost defenceless against Israel in the event of hostilities of a major significance. At present the military power of Israel may be reckoned as superior to that of her four Arab neighbours, Egypt, Jordan, Syria and Lebanon, combined. In the long run, Iraq, with her vast wealth, may take a more prominent place than Egypt in the Arab world, provided she does not succumb to the revolutionary chaos which is always her danger. I have written in terms of defence and war potential, because these factors are important. Yet the universal aim must be peace in the Middle East, a peace which would bring a prosperity unknown, since ancient times.



ATTENDING THE BAGHDAD CONFERENCE AS OBSERVERS: THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO IRAQ, MR. WALDEMAR GALLMAN (SEATED SECOND FROM LEFT, LOOKING RIGHT), ADMIRAL CASSIDY AND TWO SENIOR U.S. ARMY OFFICERS.



SMILING CHIEF DELEGATES TO A SUCCESSFUL CONFERENCE: (L. TO R.) MR. MOHAMAD ALI, PRIME MINISTER OF PAKISTAN; MR. MENDERES, PRIME MINISTER OF TURKEY; GENERAL NURI ES-SAID, PRIME MINISTER OF IRAQ; MR. MACMILLAN, BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY; AND MR. HUSSEIN ALA, PRIME MINISTER OF PERSIA.

The inaugural meeting of the Council of the Baghdad Pact, which opened on November 21, ended on the evening of the following day. In that brief period the five nations represented—Great Britain, Iraq, Persia, Pakistan and Turkey—laid the foundations of a permanent economic and military organisation. They also supported the establishment by the United States of a permanent economic liaison with the Council: Mr. Waldemar Gallman, the U.S. Ambassador to Iraq, and American military representatives attended the conference as observers. The British delegation was led by Mr. Macmillan, the Foreign Secretary, and Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Mr. Macmillan stated, on arriving back in Britain: "I think it has been a very successful occasion."

love for Israel, and she took part in the war with her as in duty bound, but she has since stood relatively aloof. The policy of Iraq is always likely to be sound while the present veteran Prime Minister, Nuri es-Said, remains at the head of the Government. He is the foremost statesman in the Middle East, and few know it better as a whole. His advice is always valuable, and his influence, despite the secondary rifts in the Arab world, still not inconsiderable.

When two nations are in the position and the mood of Israel and Egypt to-day, public or publicly reported efforts to keep the peace between them have to face the serious obstacle of prestige. For different reasons, neither Government can in this case afford to

TREASURES FROM THE GRAVE OF A CELTIC PRINCESS OF 2500 YEARS AGO: UNIQUE FINDS FROM SAARLAND.



FIG. 1. THE LID OF THE BRONZE WINE-JUG, FOUND IN A 5TH-CENTURY B.C. CELTIC GRAVE IN SAARLAND, SHOWING THE BEARDED CENTAUR HANDLE. A SIMILAR FIGURE APPEARS ON SOME CELTIC COINS. (SEE FIGS. 2 AND 4.)

Concerning the remarkable Celtic gold and bronze work of the fifth century B.C. illustrated and described on these three pages, Dr. Josef Keller, Landeskonservator of the Saarland and director of the excavations at Reinheim, near Saarbrücken, writes:—

IN February 1954, during the digging of building sand near the village of Reinheim in the Saar, the richly furnished grave of a Celtic noblewoman was uncovered. Previously no one had suspected that this low hillock in the valley of the Blies, in which the grave was found, could be one of those large funeral mounds of princes or noblemen of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. which are known in Eastern France and Southern Germany. Inside the mound was a square chamber made of oak and containing the burial. The body was adorned with valuable jewellery, of which a torque and a bracelet of pure gold are the most resplendent. Both these pieces (Figs. 9, 13, 14-17) carry on their ends amazingly

[Continued below, right.]



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE TWO BEARDED HEADS ON THE HANDLE OF THE BRONZE WINE-JUG (SEE FIG. 4). THE OTHER HEAD CAN BE SEEN IN PART. THE HEAD-DRESS OF BOTH HEADS IS A STYLISATION OF THE BIRD HEAD MORE NATURALLY SHOWN IN FIGS. 14-17.



FIG. 4. A PRELIMINARY RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF THE BRONZE SPOUTED WINE-JUG FOUND IN THE CELTIC GRAVE AT REINHEIM. IT IS 1 FT. 6½ INS. HIGH AND IS ALMOST CERTAINLY NATIVE CELTIC WORK.



FIG. 5. A MALE FIGURE PENDANT, IN BRONZE. A SOMEWHAT SIMILAR MIRROR HANDLE FIGURE WAS FOUND. [Height: 2½ ins. (6.65 cms.)]



FIG. 3. AN ASSORTMENT OF THE JEWELLERY FOUND IN THE CELTIC PRINCESS'S GRAVE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) ARMLETS OF GLASS AND A SLATEY STONE; BEADS OF MULTI-COLOURED GLASS; AND LARGE BEADS OF AMBER.

[Continued.]

rich and, indeed, unique decoration of a kind never previously seen." Under beautifully modelled bosses, arranged in pairs, there are four lion masks on the sides. But above these are human faces, powerfully modelled and with really remarkable head-dresses. On the torque there are two such heads, the faces framed with ornamental bands which end in three tassels under the chin. On the bracelet, on the other hand, the busts have scaly shoulders, from which spring wings. On all these heads the head-dress, or coiffure, consists of a bird with hooked beak and wings. The dead woman was also wearing other exceptionally beautiful pieces of jewellery on her person: a second gold bracelet (Fig. 8), a bracelet of clear glass and another of grey-black slatey stone (Fig. 3), two golden finger rings (Fig. 10), a gold pectoral pendant (Fig. 12) and two bronze brooches (Figs. 6 and 7).

[Continued below, left.]

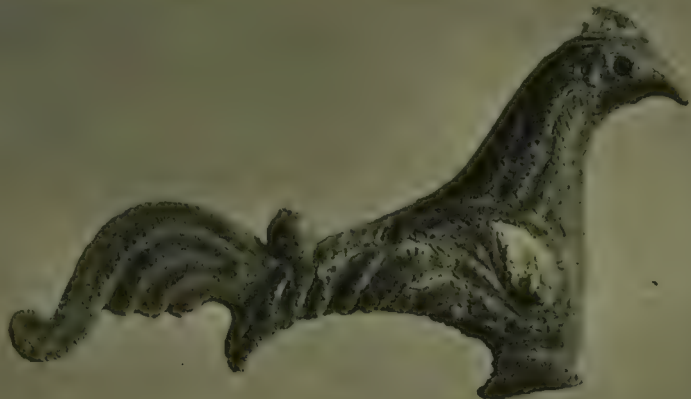


FIG. 6. A BRONZE BROOCH IN THE FORM OF A PLUMED COCKEREL, INLAID WITH RED CORAL—REPRODUCED LIFE SIZE. A MASTERWORK OF CELTIC JEWELLERY.



FIG. 7. A FRAGMENT OF A BRONZE BROOCH. THE BOW BEARS GEOMETRIC DESIGNS, THE FOOT BEARING LINKED HUMAN AND ANIMAL HEADS. [Width: 1½ ins. (4 cms.)]

[Continued.]

Both of the latter, which were used, as is well known, as safety-pins on dresses, are exceptionally attractive in shape. The first (Fig. 6) shows a cock with large tail feathers and has a red coral inlay; the second (Fig. 7) has a large loop with geometric designs, the upper side carrying a long stretch of inlay—probably also coral. Its foot, however, ends in a fantastic animal head and a human head with the same stylised symbolism as the heads on the gold torque and bracelet. In

their minute detail these two brooches are masterpieces of Celtic jewellery. Beside the body of this princess lay her bronze mirror with an anthropomorphic handle and the rest of her adornments, comprising more than 120 amber beads, many-coloured glass beads (Fig. 3), delicate little rings of glass and metal, the remains of a fine iron chain, two bronze pendants in human form (Fig. 5), amulets and similar trinkets. Of outstanding beauty are three large glass beads in black,

[Continued overleaf.]

THE JEWELS OF A CELTIC PRINCESS: RICH GOLD FROM A NEWLY-FOUND TOMB.



FIG. 8. WORN BY A CELTIC PRINCESS FOR HER OWN FUNERAL SOME 2500 YEARS AGO: A GOLD BRACELET (A LITTLE ENLARGED) WITH PALMETTE AND SCROLL ORNAMENT.

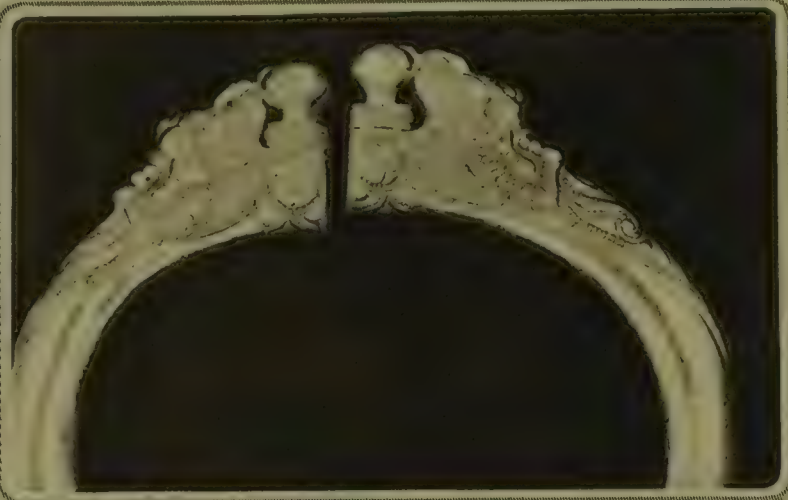


FIG. 9. THE ENDS OF A GOLD BRACELET OF GREAT COMPLEXITY—A UNIQUE PIECE ALSO ILLUSTRATED IN FIGS. 13, 16, 17. THIS VIEW SHOWS THE LION MASKS ON THE SIDE.

Continued. yellow and white, and in blue-green, brown and lapis-lazuli blue. Several large amber beads—the largest has a diameter of 7.5 cms. (nearly 3 ins.)—of the finest lathe-workmanship are as beautiful as they are rare. The rest of the grave furniture is no less interesting. It consists of two gold band-like rings (Fig. 11) with pierced ornament, three small round dishes of gold, a round gold plaque, two bronze bowls and a bronze jug, or wine-pourer. This jug (Figs. 1, 2, and 4) is a masterpiece of Celtic metal work (46 cms. [1 ft. 6½ ins.] high) and of the rare spouted variety. It also is beautifully ornamented with figure modelling and incised ornament. On its lid there is a remarkable monster, which with its horse's body and bearded human head recalls the centaurs on the Celtic coins of north-west France. The mere description of this grave furniture can give no realistic idea of the exceptional beauty, in form and colour, of these objects. They comprise many luxurious objects of unusual rarity; and even the accompanying illustrations give only an idea of the richness and brilliance which characterise this find. The wealth of design, the multiplicity of ornamental and figure decoration, modelled, embossed and incised, as well as the pink inlay of coral give as much pleasure to the eye as do the gleam of the pure yellow gold, the translucent red-brown of the amber and the bright colours of the glass beads. Including this Reinheim grave, there are now eight known noblemen's grave mounds in the Saar. Bearing in mind the early date and rarity of such graves, this is a remarkable number for this small province

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 10. FROM THE PRINCESS'S HAND: A GOLD FINGER RING WITH A DOUBLE CONTINUOUS LOOPED ROPE DESIGN. [Diameter: ½ ins. (2.2 cms.)]



FIG. 11. ONE OF A PAIR OF GOLD RINGS, PIERCED AND REPOUSSE. THEIR DIAMETER IS 2½ INS. (5.4 CMS.) AND THEY MAY PERHAPS HAVE DECORATED A SCEPTRE.

Continued. which lies in the centre of the area from which Celtic art developed. In these rich early finds we are dealing not only with imported objects such as *kraters*, *hydrias*, *stamnoi*, jugs and bowls from Etruria and Magna Græcia or fine painted pottery from the workshops of Athens and the like, but also with examples of the indigenous Celtic arts and crafts, especially in gold. The gold objects, such as the Reinheim torque and bracelet, were definitely made by Celtic goldsmiths, even though the artistic style shows Oriental influences. In Reinheim we are dealing with unique pieces, like nothing previously known; but details of the figure and ornamental decoration of them belong in style to types which are already known in pieces of jewellery from other graves of Celtic nobles in the area north of the Alps. And since this early Celtic style had its origins in our particular area, between north-eastern France and southern Germany, we may presume that most of the gold and bronze objects from Reinheim are of Celtic manufacture. The Celtic tribes, with their rigid social hierarchy, produced important princely families whose wealth allowed them to purchase expensive and luxurious goods through their trade with the Mediterranean countries. And this accounts for the presence in Celtic princely graves of such valuable articles as the huge Greek bronze *krater* of Vix (illustrated in *The Illustrated London News* of June 13, 1953, and [in colour] March 5, 1955) and the antique bronze tripod from Bad Duerkheim (now in the Pfalz Historical Museum at Speyer). Influenced by such southern and south-eastern art, an individual style developed in Celtic workshops, which had also received some Oriental influence. The Celtic artist-craftsman was more in sympathy with the North than with the more sensitive Southerner and the imaginative Oriental. In his hands the southern vivacity developed into a stiffer artistic

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 12. A GOLD PECTORAL PENDANT, WITH A RICHLY EMBOSSED DECORATION. THE GOLD OF THESE FINDS IS DESCRIBED AS BEING A PURE BRIGHT YELLOW. [Height: c. 2 ins. (5.1 cms.)]



FIG. 13. THE UNIQUE AND MOST SPLENDID ITEMS OF THE CELTIC PRINCESS'S GRAVE AT REINHEIM. THE RICHLY DECORATED GOLD TORQUE (OUTER) AND BRACELET. (SEE ALSO FIGS. 14-17.)

UNIQUE AND CRYPTIC MASTERWORKS BY CELTIC GOLDSMITHS OF THE 5TH CENTURY B.C.—FROM THE SAAR.



Continued.
style, full of abstraction and stylisation. The Exhibition "Perennité de l'Art Gaulois," held this summer in Paris, at all events in its first part, showed this very clearly. With this in mind we must not allow ourselves to pass an adverse judgment on Celtic art, because, despite all the contributory external influences, it represents an independent, individual and worthwhile achievement. This is proved by the wonderful gold work from Celtic noblemen's graves or—to name a single other example—the beautiful bronze jugs with enamel decoration from Lower Jeutz in Lotharingia, now in the British Museum (and first published in *The Illustrated London News* of March 23, 1928). The archaeological finds, supported by the rare references in Greek literature (Hekataios of Miletus and Herodotus) show that Celtic civilisation reached the height of its powers and its cultural flowering at this time. It is not, therefore, surprising that from this time, the fifth century B.C., began the greatest expansion of the Celts. They moved into Spain, England and Upper Italy. In about 388 B.C., armed with long iron-tipped spears and led by their chieftain Brennus, they captured the city of Rome.

(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) FIG. 14. ONE OF THE ENDS OF THE UNIQUE AND SPLENDID GOLD TORQUE FOUND AT REINHHEIM (SEE ALSO FIG. 15). ON THE SIDE IS A LION-, OR PERHAPS OWL-MASK.



FIG. 15. ANOTHER VIEW OF FIG. 14. THE FACE IS FRAMED IN BANDS ENDING IN TASSELS; AND THE HEAD-DRESS IS A WINGED BIRD.



FIGS. 16 AND 17. TWO VIEWS OF ONE END OF THE GOLD BRACELET SHOWN IN FIG. 13. THE DESIGN IS SIMILAR TO, BUT RICHER THAN, THAT OF THE TORQUE, BUT THE HUMAN FIGURE, WHICH HAS ARMS, HAS SCALEY SHOULDERS FROM WHICH ARISE WINGS. THE BIRD HEAD-DRESS IS SMALLER.

Continued.

At the beginning of the third century they moved across the Danube basin into the Balkans and fell upon Greece, in 279 B.C. plundering Delphi, the Greeks' national holy place. One branch of the Celts even reached Asia Minor and founded there the Kingdom of the Galatians, well known to us from St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. The discovery at Reinheim belongs to

the age of cultural flowering and political development of the Celtic peoples. From it new light is thrown on the Dark Age of Celtic history, which, from its lack of written sources, is so much more difficult to work out than that of the Mediterranean peoples. This valuable find will much enrich the Museum for Early and Pre-history in Saarbrücken.

THE ONLY "GLOBAL" MONEY ACCEPTABLE TO ALL NATIONS: GOLD IN A NEW YORK VAULT.



BEFORE THE DOOR TO THE GOLD VAULT CAN BE OPENED: TWO OF THE THREE MEN WHO ARE REQUIRED TO OPERATE THE 90-TON STEEL REVOLVING DOOR, LOOKING AT THE TUMBLER COMBINATIONS, WHICH ONLY THEY KNOW.



INSIDE THE VAULT: THE THREE LOCKING UNITS WHICH SECURE THE ENTRANCE TO EACH INDIVIDUAL CELL. THE PAPER WRAPPED ROUND ONE SECTION OF THE LOCK (RIGHT) IS SEALED AND INDICATES THE DATE OF THE LAST AUDIT.



INTERNATIONAL FINANCE AT ITS MOST PRACTICAL LEVEL: TWO EXECUTIVES OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK EXCHANGING PART OF THE GOLD RESERVE OF ONE COUNTRY WITH THAT OF ANOTHER TO COMPENSATE FOR A TRANSACTION.

Sixty-five feet below sea-level, in the rock beneath the Second District Federal Reserve Bank of New York, glitter some 7000 tons of pure gold bricks which are worth 8,000,000,000 dollars. The gold is far more than a fantastic hoard of Cræsus, for it is the security for the paper currency of sixty foreign Governments and some world institutions like the International Bank. As the balance of international trade changes, the men who work in this bullion stronghold move the gold bricks from one country's cell to another. It may seem rather surprising that this is not done more simply—just on paper; but officials at the bank report that each nation likes to know that on any given day, any given pile of gold, in any given cell, is



A MAN'S WEIGHT IN GOLD: A BANK EXECUTIVE STANDING BEHIND FIVE BRICKS OF GOLD (LEFT), THE USUAL AMOUNT REQUIRED TO COUNTERBALANCE THE AVERAGE MAN. THEIR VALUE IS ABOUT £25,000, AND THEY WEIGH ABOUT 135 LB.

specifically theirs in fact, and not merely on paper. This makes for some back-breaking work for the "stackers," though no man is supposed to lift more than one brick at a time, as each weighs about 27 lb. The gold itself is of the very finest and is much softer than the gold used in jewellery, and great care has to be taken that the bricks are not dropped. Very large amounts of gold went to the United States during World War II, for safe-keeping. Many of the gold crates arrived in boxes hastily addressed "To the Federal Reserve Bank of New York," to which they had been shipped at the height of an invasion or Governmental upset. From time to time the auditors arrive in the stronghold to count the gold bricks and make

[Continued opposite.]



WHERE ALL THAT GLISTERS IS THE PUREST GOLD: ONE OF THE MANY CELLS IN THE SECOND RICHEST GOLD STRONGHOLD IN THE WORLD—BENEATH THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK OF NEW YORK.

Continued. certain each nation has its correct amount. This auditing involves the tedious task of taking down the endless brick walls, brick by brick, and reassembling them in new piles. Each brick is labelled with its so-called "melt" number and its indication of fineness. The great hoard of gold is kept beneath a fifteen-storey building which has been constructed to withstand even a hit from an atomic bomb. The gold lies in a vault 65 ft. below the level of the nearby river. At the main entrance sliding gates of 5-in. steel-cored teak supplement wrought-iron grilles, and massive interlaced bars screen the windows up to a 40-ft. height above street-level. On all four corners there are gratings which are hinged to swing open for

machine-gun batteries. The Central Watch Room is protected by bullet-proof glass, and a maze of dials, signal lights, buzzers and bells are installed to give split-second warnings of any trouble. Once inside the fortress it is even more difficult to reach the gold itself in its underground stronghold behind 10-ft. walls and a 90-ton steel door. It takes three men to open the door, each one of whom has part of the triple combination required to open the vaults. Once inside, the triple combination has to be repeated over and over again to get at the individual cells housing each foreign power's gold hoard. This gold stronghold is second only to Fort Knox, in Kentucky, the site of the repository for U.S. gold reserves since 1936.



MOSI-OA-TUNYA—"THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS"—LIVINGSTONE'S GREAT DISCOVERY OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: THE VICTORIA FALLS, FROM THE DEVIL'S CATARACT (LEFT).

One hundred years ago—on November 17, 1855—Dr. David Livingstone, the famous missionary and explorer, discovered the falls which he named after his Queen and which challenge Niagara for the title of the most astonishing waterfall of the world. His first sight of the fall was from the island now named after him which hangs on the lip of the fall and is the largest island to be seen in the centre of the photograph. The native name of the Falls—"the smoke that thunders"—is most apposite: the roar of the water can be heard from afar and, especially

when the river is full, the spray rises to a great height (visible sometimes 25 miles away), falling on to the railway line (which can be seen on the right) and making the rain-forest on the side of the canyon some of Africa's most continuously luxuriant vegetation. In the 1860's Baines and Chapman made a survey and many sketches of the Falls; and it was on these sketches that the drawing was based which we first published in our issue of October 20, 1956, and which we reproduce on page 946 of this issue. The canyon into which the fall tumbles

is only the first of several; and in all, in the seven furlongs below the fall, the river violently changes direction completely no fewer than four times; and the succession of canyons, measured along their zigzags, has a length of some 40 miles. The famous road and rail bridge crosses the river at the Boiling Pot, just off the photograph to the right; and the Victoria Falls Hotel lies, as it were, beneath the aircraft from which this photograph was taken. The best time to see the Falls is between June and October, but the maximum flow of water is reached

in April-May. In the left foreground it can be seen that yet another canyon is beginning to develop; and when the stage is reached at which what flows regularly through this crack, development will be accelerated; and it may well be that in distant ages the Zambesi waters will fall into yet another trough-like canyon, some little distance nearer their source. The width of the Falls, excluding islands, is 1513 yards, and the mean height of the whole Falls is 304 ft. against Niagara's 170 ft. The maximum flow is 75,000,000 gallons a minute.



battery of small arms for gardening, as opposed to such heavy artillery as spades and forks, pick-axes, hoes and shovels. As for these last, I confess that I prefer, and always have preferred, to get others to use them on my behalf—except for a few irresistible jobs such as digging the first early new potatoes.

My widger and its fellow what-nots all live together, always, in the lower right-hand pocket of what my tailor calls my vest and I call my waistcoat. Always, except during heat-waves so fierce that I am compelled to discard the waistcoat and distribute widger and what-nots among other, unaccustomed pockets. During such periods life is never quite the same. As for finding myself in the garden without my widger, it is like finding oneself in a railway carriage without a handkerchief—and with a cold.

My first widger was given to me thirty or more years ago by the late C. G. M. Adie, a most enthusiastic amateur gardener who was also an Eton house-master. It was, and is, my first and only widger, for I still have it. Adie did not call it a widger. The christening came later. He just gave it to me as an invaluable pocket gadget for innumerable garden uses. Strictly speaking, it should, I think, be called a spatula, a small spatula made of silver. To save time and a lot of difficult word-painting, I will give an exact life-size drawing of my widger, (above). Making the picture was simple. Being incapable of making a recognisable drawing of anything more complicated than the back view of a sitting rabbit, I traced my widger. If I add that it is about the thickness of a rather worn halfpenny you will know exactly what to tell your family silver-smith to do about it, and I assure you that a silver widger makes a charming gift, either Christmas, or just plain gift for any truly worthy gardening friend. But almost certainly it should be a male friend. Women don't have waistcoat pockets. I have had quite a number of silver widgers made by a country watchmaker and silversmith. He beats them out of old silver spoons and charges—or did—7s. 6d. each. They make the least expensive silver-wedding present that could decently be given, and one of the most useful, to a gardener—a man gardener. For a woman gardener, without waistcoat pocket, a good hefty silver hairpin might meet the case, for every woman has the natural haven for a hairpin, even if she does not normally make use of it, and it was once said, by a woman, that there is no operation in gardening, and few in surgery, that can not be performed with a hairpin.

As for the name "widger," I got it from a naval man and adopted and applied it to my silver spatula. Ask a naval man what a widger is, and he may define it as "a sharp-pointed instrument used by grocers," but the odds are that he will not elaborate beyond that. In a Sunday afternoon broadcast with the late C. H. Middleton during the war, I referred to widgers

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

"WHAT," you may ask, "is a widger, and what the what-nots?" Collectively, in this case, and as far as I am concerned, they are my own personal

WIDGERS AND WHAT-NOTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

and the work of widging in the rock garden and in the Alpine house. Middleton rose to the lure, and led me to describing the precious instrument and expounding its uses and its virtues. Shortly afterwards a firm wrote and asked me if I would have any objection to their putting a "Clarence Elliott Widger" on the market. Rather foolishly, and without giving the matter much thought, I consented, and within a few weeks I received a complimentary specimen of the "C.E.W." It bore no resemblance to my own authentic original widger, and was, to my way of thinking, a foolish, useless piece of bogus gadgetry. Made of aluminium, it was like a monstrous 4-in. nail, with a point at one end, and a flattened screwdriver edge at the other. Then, a few months ago, a friend most kindly sent me another "sharp-pointed instrument"

Sorry, good friend who sent the thing, but I am a purist where widgers are concerned.

Later still, later than that last painful episode in false widgery, there has been one heartening reassuring happening. My friend Mr. W. T. Stearn, late librarian to the R.H.S., wrote to me from the British Museum (Natural History) asking me to give him authentic information about "widger," the instrument, its uses, the derivation of the term, and so forth, for inclusion in the forthcoming supplement of the *R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening*, on which he is working.

So my faithful and invaluable old friend the widger is to be placed fairly, squarely and firmly on the horticultural map in the great dictionary itself. Of course, I sent a life-size portrait, an exact replica of the one that accompanies this article, which I hope will be faithfully reproduced.

As to the multitudinous uses of the widger I need only mention a few. Carry one in your waistcoat pocket, and surely, steadily you will become ever more widger-conscious. In the garden you will use it for widging up small weeds from among your smaller, choicer rock-garden plants, especially in the Alpine house. It is handy, too, for dibbing in seedlings and small cuttings. For stirring the surface soil around and between plants in pots it is ideal, and few garden operations afford plants greater pleasure, or stimulate them to health and vigour sooner than that. Then, too, it can revert to its ancestral use as a spatula in measuring out small doses of artificial manure for your plants, or of bicarbonate of soda or what-not for yourself. In the home it has a hundred-and-one uses, slitting open letters, lifting tin lids, as an ever-ready fruit-knife in an emergency, and so on and so on. In one important thing the widger has failed to keep abreast of modern development. It is impotent in the matter of ripping an entry through Cellophane wrappings, and Sellotape swaddlings round parcels. Doing up parcels with Sellotape is surely one of the greatest joys of modern life, especially if one is a dullard in the matter of tying knots. With Sellotape one is tempted to glorious, reckless extravagance without fear of dire financial consequences, and in the process one can produce parcels of a neat smartness that no amount of string and sealing-wax could achieve. But breaching a well-Cellophaned parcel is another matter. One claws at the slippery, impregnable stuff, which remains blandly, infuriatingly inviolate, until at last one takes some lethal weapon to it, a carving-knife, or fork, or a wife's cutting-out scissors. On the whole, I feel that it would be a pity to confuse the efficient simplicity of the widger by trying to incorporate some device for ripping open Cellophaned

and Sellotaped parcels. But clearly some sharp, claw-like instrument is called for. I offer the idea to the cutlers who make those for-all-occasion pocket-knives, incorporating a saw, a buttonhook, a corkscrew, an implement for hooking stones out of horses' hooves, a small pair of scissors, a pair of tweezers and a pricker. Why not sacrifice the buttonhook or the stone remover, and substitute a Cello-ripper? The other waistcoat-pocket what-nots which keep company with my widger are more ordinary, but little less useful. A pencil, of course, for writing labels and making notes. In the summer months there is a camel's-hair brush with a protecting metal cap for pollinating flowers in plant-breeding operations, and as companion to the brush there is a small pocket lens. I like to carry a folding foot-rule for measuring the height of plants and the size of flowers, but this has a habit of getting lost or left behind. But even worse at getting lost is a small pair of nail scissors. These I use not only in the garden, but when fishing, and the banks of certain Cotswold rivers and trout-haunted lakes must fairly bristle with pocket nail scissors. What I need for their recovery is a pocket mine-detector, or to avoid their loss, a better memory.

GROUND PLAN, LIFE SIZE, OF THE "SILVER WIDGER."



WIELDING THE WIDGER: MR. ELLIOTT, IN THE ALPINE HOUSE, USING THE SILVER SPATULA OF WHICH HE WRITES ON THIS PAGE, TO "TICKLE UP" THE SURFACE OF THE SOIL IN AN ALPINE PAN.

Photograph by J. R. Jameson.

which she had bought as a widger, but not, I am glad to say, as a Clarence Elliott Widger. I forget what it was like, but am very sure what it was not like—my trusty, well-tried, original silver widger.

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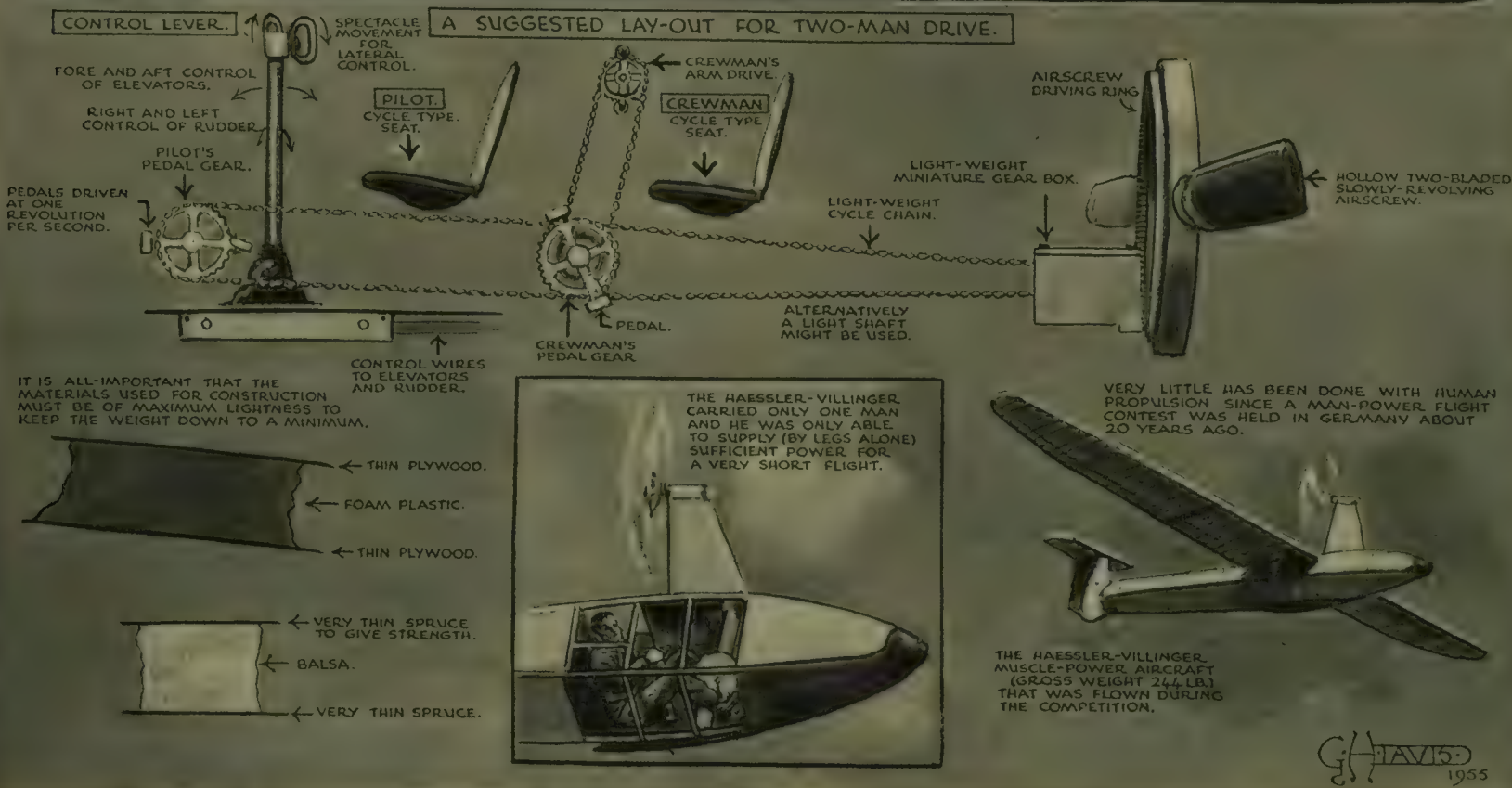
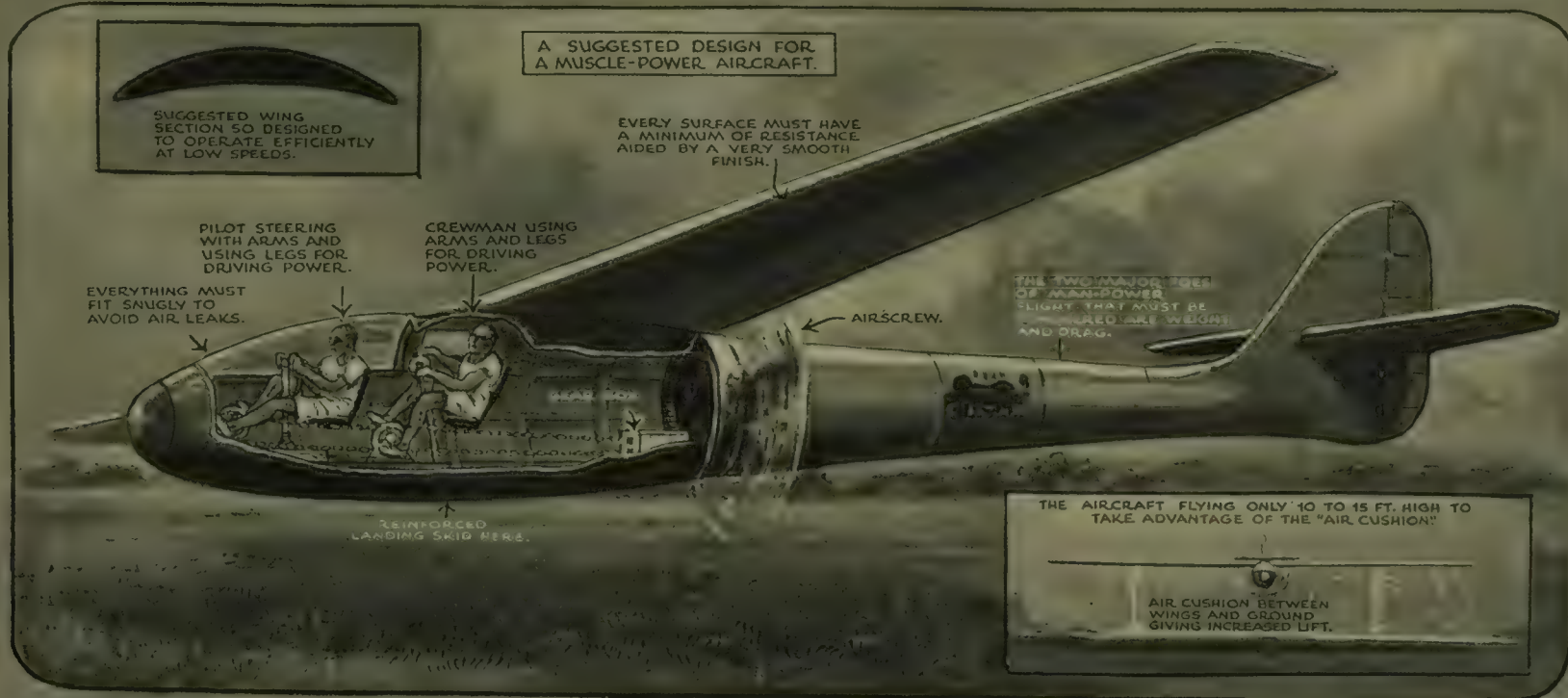
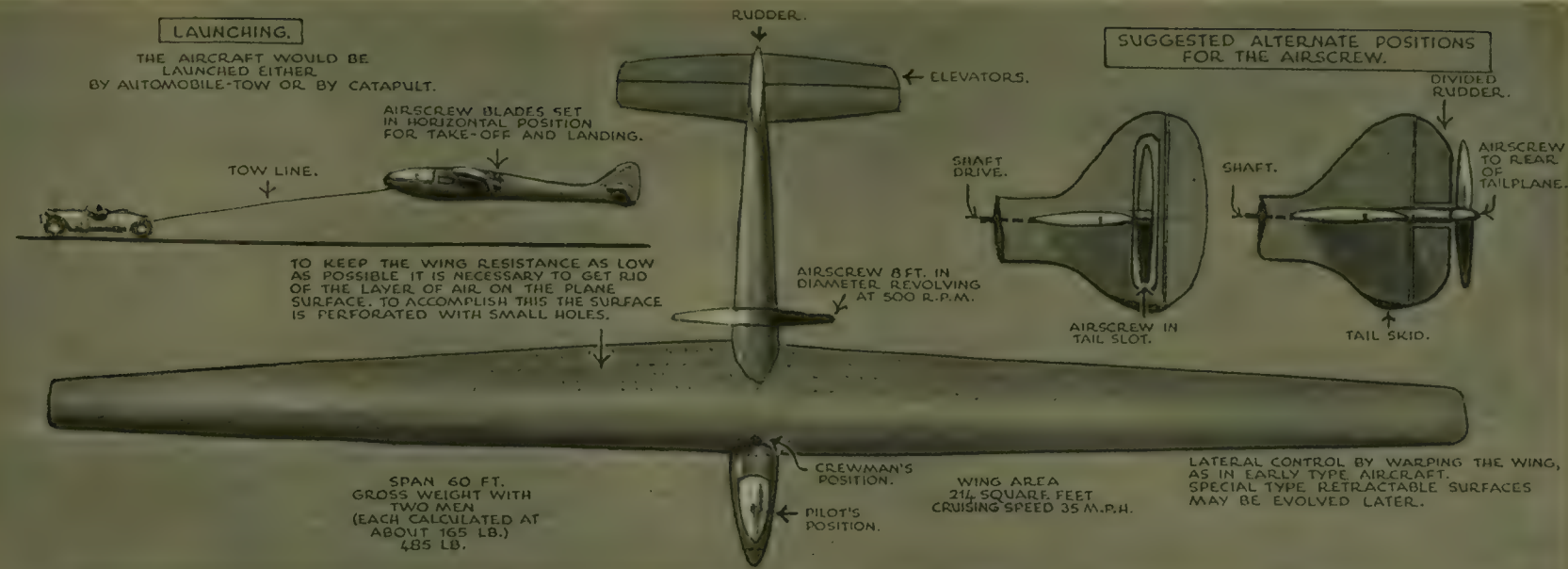
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CYCLING IN THE AIR: A SUGGESTED TYPE OF MAN-PROPELLED AIRCRAFT, CAPABLE OF FLYING INDEFINITELY AT A CRUISING SPEED OF 35 M.P.H. AT A HEIGHT OF UP TO 15 FT.

With modern jet engines giving speeds of 1000 miles an hour, it is occasionally refreshing to return to the primogeniture of aeronautics. Mr. B. S. Shenstone, chief engineer of British European Airways, did this in a paper delivered recently before the Low Speed Aerodynamics Research Association. His address began: "The purpose of this paper is to discuss the problem of the minimum power needed to enable a man to be flown." He commended, as a basis for improved variations, the Haessler-Villinger man-power machine, produced nearly twenty years ago. Discussing the problem of drag, he stressed the need, in construction, for smooth surfaces and for eliminating resistance-causing protuberances and apertures. Weight was another vital factor. Light sandwich structures of plastics, thin woods, and even light metals such as magnesium, might provide an answer. Finally, there was the question of power. The type

of aircraft he envisaged would be a two-seater, for although theoretically one man could remain airborne indefinitely by pedalling with hands and feet, he could not also control the machine; moreover, a two-seater aircraft would have a better power for its weight. One man, the "galley-slave," would use both legs and arms for propulsion; the other, the pilot, would use his legs only to pedal, and his arms for controlling the machine. Launched by a catapult or car-tow, they would begin pedalling on release, driving an airscrew at some 500 revolutions a minute. Together, they could produce a power of about 1 h.p. for an indefinite period, if in training, giving a cruising speed of 35 m.p.h. Enough was known to build such a machine now. Where are the enthusiastic amateurs to rally round Mr. Shenstone and to launch the new sporting pastime of cycling in the air?



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I PROBABLY know as little about Russian ceramics as anyone I have ever met and herewith invite you to share my ignorance. The excuse is an exhibition last summer *chez* Wartski, in Regent Street; most of the exhibits were of the early nineteenth century, though they were obviously difficult to date with any accuracy. A few were straightforward copies of normal European types, the majority wholly and unmistakably Russian, pawky and humorous, redeeming their lack of the more sophisticated subtleties by a down-to-earth early Victorian Dickensian forthrightness, as if they had been originally intended to illustrate some Russian equivalent of "The Pickwick Papers," with Sam Weller and his respected parent and Mr. Stiggins in the leading rôles. The most intriguing but wholly shadowy personality of the story appears to have been Gardner, an Englishman, who is thought to have arrived in Russia in 1764 (another version says 1767) and there established a factory which lasted until 1891. In addition, there are a certain Popov, who began operations in 1810, and four or five others. Earlier than any was the Imperial factory, founded in 1744, whose boss for a brief period—until he was found out—was that rolling-stone, Konrad Hunger, whose name will be familiar to anyone who has delved into the early history of the great Meissen factory in Saxony or of the porcelain works in Vienna. He knew a great deal about enamelling but very little about the far trickier business of kiln management. Consequently, he failed, and his place was taken by a young man, Vinogradoff, who seems to have succeeded in producing fine porcelain by guess and by God, as it were, and promptly died of drink.

If, as is claimed, he really succeeded in producing true porcelain unaided by outside technical assistance, his country has every reason to be proud of him, but so very few facts are known about the beginnings of this, the most famous, as of the other Russian porcelain factories that we can be forgiven if we take the story with a grain of salt. Of the show as a whole—there were more than a hundred figures and groups of figures—two things seemed fairly clear. First, that

Russian heartiness insisted upon breaking in so that, as Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell noted in his introduction to the catalogue, "The cast of 'Petrouchka,' it could be said, are all present here, except the bear. There are nurses, cabmen, merchants, soldiers, itinerant vendors, members of every trade and profession, a proportion of drunkards, and not far away music of hurdy-gurdy and balalaika to dance to. . . . As we look at these figures, the singing of choruses and the wheezing of the hurdy-gurdy becomes ever more insistent. . . . Or we could look at this collection as a conspectus, in little, of the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod. For there, as well as the Russian types, would be assembled tribesmen from every distant province of the Tsar's Empire and, also, Chinamen and Persians."

It is fairly obvious that the Russian modelers, though no doubt learning much from Western methods, were in a position to impose their own notions of style, much as the early Staffordshire modelers allowed their own rustic fancies a free rein. There was evidently a much better market for purely native types than for the more genteel designs which had been the stock-in-trade of European porcelain manufacturers; and what a range of gaily-coloured and distinctive dresses were asking to be used as models from among the many peoples of the Empire before—just as in Europe—industrialisation dressed us all to the same pattern! I suppose that to anyone of Russian ancestry and old enough to remember pre-Revolution days these figures must bring some nostalgic memories, for I believe I am right in saying that distinctive regional costumes lasted down to the First World War. To the majority of us, who have no such memories, they become merely characters from the Russian novels we have read or dancers from the ballet, or, in my particular case—and it is odd how forgotten evenings suddenly flash back into the mind—they bring back to me a wonderful performance, about thirty years ago, in the old Gaiety Theatre by, I think, Ernest Milton in "The Government Inspector," surely one of the liveliest and most pungent of farces. Fig. 3, for example—not great art I know—nor fine art, but a neat piece of social satire, with the official sufficiently pompous, the tax-payer properly humble, and the lawyer—if he is a lawyer—affably eloquent. I would like to know more

There are a great many single figures, hawkers and peddlers and tradesmen of all kinds, various non-descript characters in a state of hilarious intoxication, and also the rather worried gentleman of Fig. 1, who is obviously scared that his sins are likely to catch up with him and is creeping home to bed, candle in one hand and boots in the other, in the hope that he will not disturb the household by treading on the cat. The three types of Fig. 2 have not yet reached this thought-

ful state of mind and are still enjoying the party. I am not claiming any great refinement in either the subject or the potting, but I suggest that the design in all these figures and especially in Fig. 2 is uncommonly lively and natural; for example, the gesture of the man on the right stepping forward and lifting up his coat collar, is extremely well observed—and so is the way the Tax Collector in Fig. 3—he with the tip-tilted nose—throws his head back.

Another point which calls for notice in many of these figures—especially in those from the Gardner factory—is the absence of glaze. The colours, as often as not, are put directly on to the "biscuit," though sometimes parts of the figure will be glazed—for example, the white apron worn by a tradesman or portions of a woman's dress. This is something which, as far as I

know, was unknown in European porcelain, and it has been suggested that the Russians adopted the idea in order to be different. (You can't compare it with Sèvres' "biscuit" figures, which were not coloured and were intended to look like statuary.) That may be so, but I venture to put forward another possibility—that Gardner and his successors, instead of trying to be original, were influenced by the matt



FIG. 1. THIS BISCUIT FIGURE FROM THE KORNILOV BROTHERS' FACTORY WAS ONE OF 121 IMPERIAL RUSSIAN PORCELAIN FIGURES WHICH WERE SHOWN AT AN EXHIBITION AT WARTSKI'S, OF REGENT STREET, IN MAY OF THIS YEAR. IT IS DISCUSSED WITH OTHER FIGURES FROM THIS EXHIBITION IN FRANK DAVIS'S ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.



FIG. 2. "THREE PEASANTS STAGGERING HOME FROM THE INN" COMES FROM THE GARDNER FACTORY, WHICH WAS ACTIVE FROM 1764 UNTIL 1891. VERY LITTLE IS KNOWN ABOUT GARDNER, WHO CAME TO RUSSIA FROM ENGLAND.

attempts were made, and by no means unsuccessfully, to imitate current European fashions, not necessarily straight copies, but very much in the style of fairly familiar models. Secondly, that however sedately polite society was willing and anxious to adopt the decorative language of the West, Russian gusto and

about this group; are the characters taken from some popular play, and if so, what play and by whom, or are they stock types so familiar to the population that there is no need to inquire further? I can only guess at the date, but I presume, by the cut of the clothes, it could be about 1860.



FIG. 3. ANOTHER BISCUIT FIGURE FROM THE GARDNER FACTORY IS THIS GROUP OF THREE FIGURES ROUND A TABLE, SHOWING THE TAX COLLECTOR ACCEPTING BRIBES. THIS WAS TYPICAL OF THE MANY FIGURES IN THE WARTSKI EXHIBITION WHICH RECORD MOST REALISTICALLY VARIOUS ASPECTS OF RUSSIAN LIFE DURING THESE YEARS.

surface of coloured Wedgwood pottery which would, of course, be familiar to them before the end of the eighteenth century. However, the real interest of these pieces seems to me to lie not in their technicalities, but in the lively imagination of their makers; here is the old Russia in all its variegated manifestations.

PAINTINGS OF THREE CENTURIES: SOME RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT TOOTH'S.



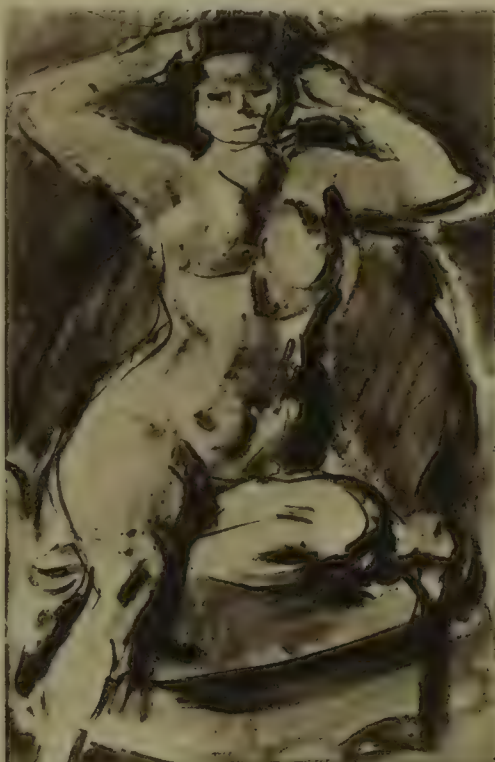
"LES BORDS DE L'EPTÉ"; BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926). PAINTED IN 1878, THIS STRIKING LANDSCAPE IS INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION "RECENT ACQUISITIONS: X" AT TOOTH'S GALLERY. (Canvas; 21½ by 29 ins.)



"A VIEW OF THE FORUM, ROME"; BY BERNARDO BELLOTTO (1720-1780), WHO WAS THE NEPHEW OF CANALETTO. THIS PAINTING WAS PROBABLY BASED ON A SIMILAR SUBJECT BY CANALETTO. (Canvas; 24 by 38 ins.)



"LE BERGER ITALIEN"; BY JEAN BAPTISTE COROT (1796-1875). THIS WAS PAINTED IN 1848 AS A SOUVENIR OF COROT'S SECOND VISIT TO ITALY. (Canvas; 22 by 15½ ins.)



"NU ASSIS"; BY GEORGES ROUAULT, WAS PAINTED IN 1905, WHEN THE ARTIST WAS THIRTY-FOUR. (Gouache on paper; 23 by 15½ ins.)



"JOHN QUICK, THE COMEDIAN, AS TOBY ALLSPICE IN 'THE WAY TO GET MARRIED'"; BY SAMUEL DE WILDE. (Canvas; 22 by 15 ins.)



"RUE À SANNOIS, 1912"; BY MAURICE UTRILLO (1883-1955), IS ONE OF THE BEST PAINTINGS OF THE "WHITE PERIOD." (Canvas; 24 by 32½ ins.)



"L'AUDITION"; BY JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN (1852-1931), IS DATED c. 1890. IT IS TYPICAL OF THIS ARTIST'S BEST WORK. (Canvas; 20 by 24 ins.)

The exhibition "Recent Acquisitions: X" at the gallery of Arthur Tooth and Sons, 31, Bruton Street, remains open until December 17. It contains a varied and interesting selection of paintings, ranging from the work of the eighteenth-century Italian artist Bellotto to that of Braque and Rouault. Outstanding among the landscape paintings is Monet's superb "Les Bords de l'Epte," which is reproduced above. It combines the delicate and misty atmosphere of the river banks with the vivid brightness of the clear water. Thomas Gainsborough's "Gypsies' Repast" is a rediscovered picture which is believed to have been bought direct from the artist by Lord Aldborough and has been missing since it was sold

at auction in the Trant Collection in 1832. Maurice Utrillo, who died early this November, is represented by an important painting of his "White Period," when the artist was in a "maison de santé" at Sannois and "was mixing zinc white with plaster and size to get a special effect for the surface of old walls and buildings which so much attracted him." A further interesting painting in this exhibition is "Portrait of a Sculptor," by T. Couture, under whom Manet studied. Another less well-known French artist, Charles Hutin, is represented by an amazingly realistic still life "Le jambon," which hangs in the passage at Tooth's together with the Rouault and two pleasant Boudins.



RANGING FROM PIGMENT SPOTS TO WINDOWS ON THE WORLD: ANIMALS' EYES, FROM THE SIMPLE RETINA

The five senses are sight, smell, hearing, touch and taste. This is a simple statement, as plain and straightforward as a flush-finished door. Yet, open the door and we find ourselves on the threshold of five new worlds, each with infinite opportunities for exploration. Those of taste, hearing and smell have been just sufficiently explored to indicate how much more remains to be known. As for touch, we have hardly begun to suspect its possibilities. On sight we are much better informed, for we ourselves are visual animals. We are not, however, the only animals that gauge the world by sight. Except for a few sedentary animals, and those parasitic in the bodies of others, few animals are without eyes or their equivalent. Even those without eyes

are usually light-sensitive, though in what way man still largely to be worked out. The localised light-perceiving organ is most obvious where we know that it ranges from a simple pigment spot to the window of the soul.¹ Throughout the millions of living animals we find eyes for every occasion. But no matter how intricate the accessory mechanisms, the basic principle remains constant: it is of light falling upon a group of pigment granules. There is a fair parallel with the camera. To the early pig-like ancestor of man, the light, following by an iris diaphragm. In due course, the gadget after another was invented, and the eye became more and more complicated, increasing the range of circumstances in which the apparatus could be used. At first,

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST: NEAVE PARKER

FURNISHED WITH A LENS TO THE WIDE VARIETY OF TYPES SERVING ALL MANNER OF OCCASIONS.

photographs were black-and-white and shades of grey, and at last, after experimental work, colour photographs became possible. As we start at the lowest levels of the animal kingdom and work upwards, we perceive a similar sequence. In the lowest animals of all there is the simple pigment spot, simpler even than the pin-hole camera, and very soon the lens is added. Even in so lowly a form as the jellyfish, the pigment is distributed in a layer to form a retina, with a recognisable lens for concentrating on the rays of light. In such an animal, as in the scallop, where there is no concentration on the rays of light, the lens is added, and the eye is formed around the body. At once at the animal develops some form of orientation and a head and

tal image, the eyes become localised on the leading part of the body and usually limited to two in number. It would be no more possible to go further into this subject, within this limit, than it would be to give a history of the development of the camera, but the drawings on these pages illustrate a selected series of examples of different eyes and their uses, even to the deep-sea fish with an associated light-organ, by which flashlight photography was anticipated. And since only in the higher types of eyes is there an ability to register colour, we have yet another parallel between the eye and the camera. There are, however, two other points of comparison between living animals and the pictures taken as permanent (i.e., memorised) without having to load fresh film.

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



"IN the bottom of this bay was an island like the one previously described," wrote the Carthaginian admiral, Hanno, five centuries before the birth of Christ. "This contained a lake, and in this lake there was another island inhabited by wild men. The women were most numerous. They were entirely covered with hair, and our interpreters called them Gorillei. We pursued them, but could not capture the men, which all escaped by their great ability, as they climbed the rocks and defended themselves by throwing stones at us. We caught only three women, who resisted by biting and scratching their captors, and we were forced to kill them. We skinned them, and brought back their skins to Carthage." Pliny tells of two of the skins being still in the Temple of Astarte, in Carthage, in 146 B.C. He referred to them as gorgones, and there is still doubt whether the beings were gorillas, baboons or, possibly, some primitive sub-human race now extinct.

During the succeeding centuries picturesque and terrifying stories of gorillas percolated through to Europe, of their hideous appearance, their ferocity, of women being carried off by them, of their giant stature, 7½ ft. high and 50 stones in weight. Andrew Battel, an English sailor, taken prisoner in 1589 by the Portuguese and held for several years in Angola, later brought back stories of two monsters living in that region, the pongo and the engecko, the latter presumably the chimpanzee. It was, however, not until 1847 that positive evidence of the gorilla reached Europe, in the form of a skull sent by Thomas Savage, an American missionary, to Sir Richard Owen. Other skulls and bones followed, as well as skins, and a complete carcass, preserved in spirit, was also sent in 1856 to the British Museum by Paul du Chaillu. From such relics the anatomy of the gorilla became fairly well known, but our knowledge of the living animal itself has advanced little since the days of Battel or Hanno.

Gorillas have, of course, been kept in zoos, where the majority have quickly succumbed to tuberculosis. Others have been kept more successfully in captivity, but, on the whole, our visual impressions of this large, man-like ape are determined mainly by stuffed skins in museums, and the photographs of dead males propped up to appear lifelike. In both instances we are apt to see the beast erect on its hind legs, the mouth gaping in a hideous grin to show the large canine teeth. Both impressions are travesties. The gorilla is habitually quadrupedal and inoffensive. As to its locomotion, the animal moves with the weight of the body supported on the sides of the feet and the knuckles of the second and third fingers of each hand. Concerning its temperament, all we can say is that, in spite of several expeditions undertaken to study it in its natural habitat, we are largely dependent on guesswork.

There are two races of gorilla, the coast gorilla (*Gorilla gorilla gorilla*) and the mountain gorilla (*Gorilla gorilla beringei*). The first lives on the west coast of Africa, in the Cameroons, the Gabon and the French Congo. The male is marked with a chestnut crown. Estimates of its present numbers vary from 3000 to 50,000, but one conservative estimate puts them at no more than 200. The mountain gorilla is larger, with longer hair, but without the chestnut crown. It is confined to the mountain forests of the Eastern Belgian Congo. There, in the Kivu region, the Parc National Albert has been set aside for its preservation. The population there is about 100, but these are protected by the most stringent local measures.

It is claimed that there is a third race (*Gorilla gorilla ellioti*), a dwarf or pygmy race, nearer the chimpanzee in size, inhabiting the Gabon basin, but so little is known of it that it is very improbable that it is a genuine race.

The gorilla reaches a height of 6 ft. and a weight of 450 lb. The body is thickset and the arms powerful,

GORILLAS AT HOME.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

in contrast to the relatively short, weak legs. The face is black, the ears small, and the hair is generally black, with some pale-grey across the loins. In the old male, the head has a marked crest, giving it almost a pyramidal form, and this, together with the heavy brow ridges, serve to produce the characteristic



SHOWING THE DENSE VEGETATION WHICH NORMALLY SCREENS IT FROM HUMAN EYES: THE GORILLA IN ITS NATURAL HAUNTS IN THE PARC NATIONAL ALBERT.



A MOUNTAIN GORILLA ALARMED AND ON GUARD.

The gorilla, the most man-like of the great apes, is found only in the dense rain forests of West and Central Tropical Africa. It shuns the approach of man and although its presence there has been suspected for over 2000 years, it was not definitely made known to European scientists until 1847. While docile and inoffensive so long as it is unmolested or undisturbed, the large size and ferocious face of a gorilla, as well as its terrifying cries, have afforded it a measure of protection. Perhaps the greatest danger to the ape, in view of its present reduced numbers, lies in acquiring animals for zoos. This usually means shooting the male and killing or capturing the females in a family party in order to obtain the youngsters. Fortunately, a wide measure of protection has been given to the coast gorilla, and, in the Parc National Albert, the mountain gorilla has absolute protection.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo Belge.

scowling expression, which is much less marked in the females. It is probably the great size, the scowling face and the loud cries which have contributed to the gorilla's reputation for ferocity and for sullenness in

captivity. In fact, gorillas are more concerned with avoiding man and leading their own inoffensive lives, feeding on fruits and vegetation, with perhaps the addition of some insect food and birds' eggs. Their diet in the wild is known almost entirely from examination of the remains of food in their droppings and from the evidence of torn vegetation where they have stopped to feed. In the Kivu mountain forests a wild celery is particularly favoured, as well as bamboo shoots.

Gorillas keep to the ground, wandering in family parties in search of food, rarely taking to the trees to feed, and sleeping in litters of branches and leaves constructed in the forks of trees or on the ground between buttress roots. A fresh litter is made each night, and little craftsmanship is put into it. Their only enemy, apart from man, is the leopard, which may occasionally take a straying youngster or a female. The family party does, in fact, constitute a formidable unit, with up to sixteen individuals, including a male and several females, in addition to youngsters of varying ages.

Where there is such a family unit, including young of different ages, we could expect to find a form of simple culture or, at least, a social organisation of an advanced form. This has been demonstrated in hippopotamuses, porpoises, and others, in recent years. Single gorillas in captivity can tell us nothing on this point, and those who have tried to study them in the wild have seen little more than black forms disappearing into dense vegetation, loud roars from the depths of the forest, traces of the gorillas' litters or of their feeding-grounds. In "Vie et Mœurs des Anthropoïdes" (Payot, 1954), Maurice Mathis brings together all that is known of gorillas, and one episode alone is suggestive of the cohesion of the family group.

An expedition had set out to capture gorillas for the purpose of keeping them in captivity for study. Again and again a family party was reported, but each time it had decamped before the would-be captors arrived. Then, another party was located, in their litter in a tree. In the dead of night the party took up positions. On one side of the tree a long net was laid through the undergrowth by pygmies, and Mathis remarks on the speed and silence, as well as the efficiency, with which the little men carried out their task in the darkness and through the thick vegetation.

On the far side of the net were stationed three Africans armed with spears. A dozen others, similarly armed, were spread in a circle from the ends of the net, around the tree. The orders were that no gorillas were to be killed. The plan was to drive them into the net, letting the adults escape and capturing the youngsters.

Soon came the noise of the apes quitting their nest and moving through the thick vegetation. Suddenly there came a frightful cry, expressive of surprise and anger, accompanied by beatings on the chest (*tambourinements sur la poitrine*) which put fear into the Africans. Then a sudden and complete silence, a painful silence, as everyone strained their nerves to determine what the gorillas were doing, where they had gone. In any case, the vegetation was too thick to see what was happening, the beaters could only stand their ground, or, at best, close in slowly. The silence was broken by noises from near one end of the net, to which the beaters added their cries as they closed in. The calls of the gorillas receded into the distance. They had passed through the ring between two of the beaters.

What had taken place could only be guessed, but we are left with a picture of skilful co-operation. The alarm raised, the gorillas shout defiance. With one accord they grow silent, and maintain that silence as they move unheard and unseen out of the trap, to raise their voices only when clear of the danger.



THE OLD ORDER THAT "CHANGETH, YIELDING PLACE TO NEW": A ONCE-FAMILIAR SIGHT ALL TOO RARELY SEEN TO-DAY—
A FINE PAIR OF HORSES AT THE PLOUGH ON A FARM IN ABERDEENSHIRE, TURNING OVER A STUBBLE FIELD.

In this present age of ever-increasing mechanisation many once-familiar sights have disappeared to make room for more modern replacements. Thus in the realm of transport the horse has been almost ousted by the internal combustion engine. Even on the farm the horse has been displaced and the roar of tractor engines will now be more familiar to many country dwellers than the jingle and creak of harness. But some farmers still remain faithful to the old ways and use horses rather than tractors, despite persuasive arguments that the use of horses is no longer an economic proposition. In these islands it is north rather

than south of the Border that one is still likely to see horse-ploughing, for in Scotland horses also remain in use for vanning and similar work. Thus it is on a farm in Banchory, Aberdeenshire, that our photograph of *Rose* and *Bloom* at work ploughing a stubble field was taken. The charm and vigour of such a scene accounts for the fact that in present-day ploughing competitions it is still the horse team rather than the tractor that draws the crowds. It is to be hoped that sufficient farmers will continue to use horses for ploughing to enable us to catch more than just an occasional glimpse of scenes such as this.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**THE DEATH OF A GREAT POLITICAL SCIENTIST: MR. LIONEL CURTIS.**

Mr. Lionel Curtis, C.H., a political scientist of international repute and the most distinguished exponent in this country of the concept of a world state, died on November 24, aged eighty-three. Since 1944 he had been President of the Royal Institute of International Affairs (Chatham House), which he founded in 1919. His influence played a prominent part in reforms in India and in the Irish Treaty of 1921. His works include "Civitas Dei."

**DEATH OF A FAMOUS SWISS COMPOSER: ARTHUR HONEGGER.**

Mr. Arthur Honegger, the famous Swiss composer, died in Paris on November 27, at the age of sixty-three. He studied at the Conservatories of Zurich and Paris and has composed a great variety of music ranging from chamber music to opera, ballet and film music. He wrote the music for Claudel's "Joan of Arc at the Stake," which was strikingly performed in London last year. "Pacific 231" is another well-known work.

**APPOINTED A HEADMASTER: LT.-COL. F. SPENCER CHAPMAN.**

Well known as an author, mountaineer and a soldier with a distinguished war record, Lieut.-Colonel F. Spencer Chapman has been appointed headmaster of St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, South Africa. He will leave for South Africa in the New Year. Colonel Chapman is forty-eight. He was awarded the Lawrence of Arabia memorial medal for his guerilla exploits behind the Japanese lines in Malaya.

**DEATH OF AN EMINENT BOTANIST: SIR ARTHUR TANSLEY.**

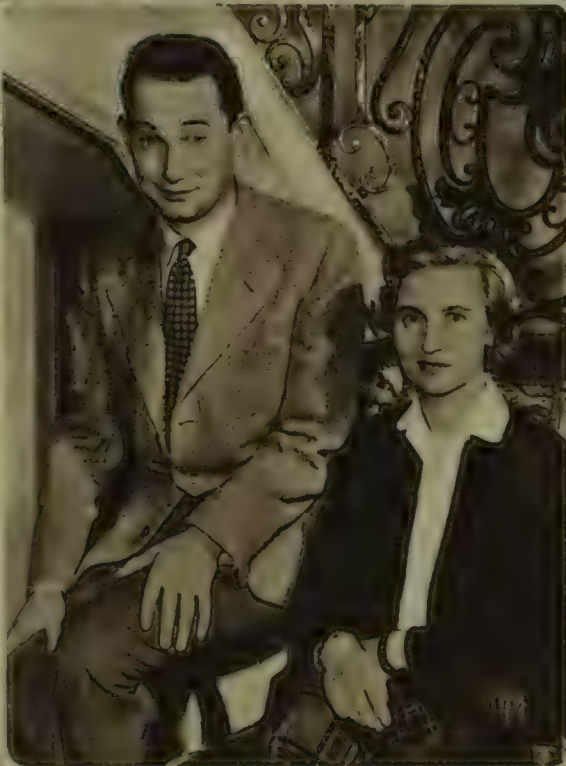
Sir Arthur Tansley, who made an outstanding contribution to the study of ecology, died at his home at Granchester, Cambridge, on November 25, aged eighty-four. After some thirty years spent in study, research and lecturing, he was elected Sherardian Professor of Botany at Oxford in 1927. His most important work was "The British Isles and Their Vegetation." (Detail from a portrait by the late W. G. de Glehn R.A.)

**ARTIST AND ADMINISTRATOR: THE LATE MR. J. WHEATLEY, A.R.A.**

Mr. John Wheatley, A.R.A., whose work is represented in the Tate Gallery and many other collections, died in London on November 17, aged sixty-three. After studying and teaching at the Slade School, he was Michaelis Professor of Fine Arts at Cape Town from 1925-36. He then returned to England to devote more time to painting, but was also for several years Director of the Sheffield Art Galleries and a member of the Royal Fine Art Commission.

THE CHAIRMAN DESIGNATE OF CABLE AND WIRELESS: SIR GODFREY INCE.

Sir Godfrey Ince, who has been Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Labour and National Service since 1944, is to retire from the Civil Service in January, and has been appointed chairman of Cable and Wireless Ltd., and its associated companies, in succession to Major-General Sir Leslie Nicholls. Sir Godfrey, who is sixty-four, will take up the post on February 1.

**ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF LUXEMBOURG AND PRINCE FERDINAND OF HOHENBERG.**

On November 23 the engagement was announced between Prince Franz Ferdinand of Hohenberg, son of the Duke of Hohenberg, and Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. Princess Elizabeth and her sister were in London during the war, when they worked as Red Cross nurses. The Prince is a grandson of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, who was assassinated at Sarajevo in 1914.

**TO COMMAND THE MODERN MAYFLOWER: CMDR. ALAN J. VILLIERS.**

The 183-ton reproduction of the pilgrim ship, the *Mayflower*, now being built at Brixham, Devon, to sail the Atlantic next year as a goodwill gift to the United States, will be commanded by Cmdr. Alan J. Villiers. Commander Villiers, sailor, yachtsman and well-known author, is fifty-two. He sailed round the world in a full-rigged ship of 203 tons twenty years ago.

**FOUGHT OFF A MAD-DENED BULL: MRS. JANE F. BOYCE.**

While walking with her husband at Northwood, Middlesex, on Nov. 27, Mrs. Jane Boyce, aged thirty-nine, hearing cries for help, found a three-year-old pedigree Ayrshire bull goring a farmer. She struck the bull across the head with a walking-stick, which snapped in two, and kept the animal from renewing his attacks. The farmer, Mr. Charles J. Oliver, received serious injuries. The bull was afterwards rounded up and shot.

TO BE DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE OF ARCHAEOLOGY: MR. W. F. GRIMES.

It was announced on Nov. 22 that Mr. W. F. Grimes, probably best known to our readers for his articles on the excavation of the Walbrook Mithraeum, in the City of London, has been appointed Director of the Institute of Archaeology and Professor of Archaeology at London University in succession to Professor Gordon Childe. Mr. Grimes has been Director of the London Museum since 1945.

**CAPTAIN OF THE OXFORD RUGBY XV.: R. C. P. ALLAWAY (DURHAM H.S. AND UNIVERSITY).**

On November 23 Oxford announced fourteen players chosen for the University Rugby match with Cambridge at Twickenham on December 6, on November 25 completing the team with the choice of J. C. Walker at right wing. The team contains eight old Blues. The Cambridge side was announced on November 24 and contains seven old Blues. Both sides have had successful seasons, but both showed disappointing form on November 26.

**CAPTAIN OF THE CAMBRIDGE RUGBY XV.: J. W. CLEMENTS (CRANLEIGH AND TRINITY HALL).**

On November 23 Cambridge announced fourteen players chosen for the University Rugby match with Oxford at Twickenham on December 6, on November 25 completing the team with the choice of J. C. Walker at right wing. The team contains eight old Blues. The Oxford side was announced on November 24 and contains seven old Blues. Both sides have had successful seasons, but both showed disappointing form on November 26.

**NEW TRUSTEE OF THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL GALLERY: MR. RUSH H. KRESS.**

On November 3 Mr. Rush H. Kress was elected a General Trustee of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, to succeed his brother, the late Samuel H. Kress. Mr. Kress, who is seventy-eight, has long been intimately associated with his brother's business and art interests.

(From the portrait by Leopold Steffert.)

**CAPTAIN OF THE CAMBRIDGE A.F. XI.: J. F. PRETLOVE (ALLEYNS SCHOOL AND CAIUS).**

At the time of writing neither Oxford nor Cambridge had announced their chosen players for the Association Football University match at Wembley on December 7. It was, however, expected that Oxford would make few if any changes from the side which was unlucky to be held to a 1-1 draw against Pegasus on November 26. This was the identical Pegasus side which the previous week beat Cambridge 1-0.

**CAPTAIN OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY A.F. XI.: D. G. HARRISON (BRENTWOOD AND B.N.C.).**

At the time of writing neither Oxford nor Cambridge had announced their chosen players for the Association Football University match at Wembley on December 7. It was, however, expected that Oxford would make few if any changes from the side which was unlucky to be held to a 1-1 draw against Pegasus on November 26. This was the identical Pegasus side which the previous week beat Cambridge 1-0.

SCULPTURE FOR ST. PAUL'S CHRISTMAS CRIB, AND SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE.



FOR THE CHRISTMAS CRIB AT ST. PAUL'S: "THE VIRGIN AND CHILD," BY MISS VASCONCELLOS (RIGHT).

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have invited twelve eminent British sculptors to work as a team to produce a representation of the Stable at Bethlehem for this year's Christmas Crib. The team comprises Miss Josephina de Vasconcellos, who is in charge of the general ensemble; Mr. Charles Wheeler, R.A.; Miss Kate Parbury; Mr. Adrian Allinson; Mrs. Marjorie Crossley; Mr. Franta Belsky; Miss Marjorie Meggitt; Mr. Alexander Marshall; Miss Marjorie Drawbell; Mr. Huxley Jones; Miss Gwyneth Holt; and Mrs. Eva Castle.



MR. ADRIAN ALLINSON WORKING ON A PLASTER STATUE OF ST. JOSEPH AND THE DONKEY, FOR ST. PAUL'S.



"THE FOUR RACES OF MAN": A GROUP OF CHILDREN, BY MISS MEGGITT, FOR THE ST. PAUL'S GROUP.



THE HIGHEST WOMAN CLIMBER IN THE WORLD: MME. CLAUDE KOGAN (RIGHT) ON HER RETURN TO FRANCE.

Our photograph shows, besides Mme. Kogan, Mr. Paul Gendre and (above) M. Raymond Lambert, the Swiss leader of the Geneva Alps Club Expedition which climbed Ganesh Himal (24,299 ft), in Eastern Nepal. Mme. Kogan last year set up a women's climbing record when she reached 25,400 ft. on Mount Cho Oyu.



TAKING PART IN BROADCAST CELEBRATIONS OF KING HAARON'S JUBILEE: PRINCESS ASTRID OF NORWAY WITH HER FATHER, THE CROWN PRINCE.

Princess Astrid of Norway, here seen with her father, the Crown Prince, broadcast for the first time in Norway, when she took part in the modified celebrations of the jubilee of her grandfather, King Haakon. Owing to the King's accident, the official celebrations have been postponed until his health improves.



THE ONLY ENGLISH COMPETITOR IN THE GENEVA HORSE SHOW: MISS P. SMYTHE WINNING THE PRIX DU JURA. In the International Horse Show which opened at Geneva on November 21, Miss Pat Smythe was the only English competitor among many from several nations. After faultless rounds on *Finesta* and *Prince Hal*, Miss Smythe won the Prix du Jura on the jump-off after tying with the Swiss, Captain Lombard.



DR. ROGER BANNISTER, THE FAMOUS RUNNER, TURNING WITH A SMILE TO HIS WIFE, DURING THE FOYLE'S LUNCHEON GIVEN IN HONOUR OF HIS BOOK "THE FIRST FOUR MINUTES." At the literary luncheon given in honour of his first book, Dr. Roger Bannister said that he wrote it for the same reason that he set out to crack the four-minute mile—because he enjoyed a challenge; and, furthermore, that he wrote it himself. He claimed that his wife thought he was running four miles in one minute.



MISS AGATHA CHRISTIE (CENTRE), WITH THE LEADING LADIES OF HER TWO LONG-RUNNING PLAYS: MISS HEATHER STANNARD (LEFT) AND MISS MARGARET LOCKWOOD. Miss Christie's play "The Mousetrap" (in which Miss Heather Stannard is the leading lady) has been running for four years; and her other play, "The Spider's Web" (in which Miss Margaret Lockwood plays the lead), shortly celebrates its first anniversary—hence the party at which the photograph was taken.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

COOLING THE METAL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I WENT the other day to a school production in a remote part of the country. The invitation said: "Cars at 10.30 p.m." Then, half-way through the evening, one of the actors appeared hospitably before the curtain and announced a thirty-minute break for refreshments. This was thoughtful; but, by the time we got back to the hall, I had nearly forgotten the play (which ended just after eleven). Happily, it was one I knew almost by heart, so the threads of what was—I regret to say, examining the horse's teeth—a poor performance, were soon reassembled. It occurred to me that night, as it has done before this autumn, how dangerous a long interval can be—how dangerous, in fact, any interval can be. An inferior play or an inferior production can be killed with a single thwack: merely lower the curtain. Once anything is out of sight, it can be—to coin a phrase—out of mind.

Only a few days after this school play, my companion said to me between the acts in a small club theatre, "This is the kind of piece I forget in the intervals." Indeed it was. It takes an accomplished dramatist to bridge a gulf twice in an evening. More than once, we have known fragile little comedies that might have succeeded if they had been given the chance—if their directors, defying convention, had let them be acted straight through. They could not have lasted more than an hour and forty minutes at the most. But, for purposes of revenue, they had to be padded out, by a couple of intervals, to at least two hours. On such occasions as these it is not a matter of bridging a gulf, but of mending a cobweb.

Audiences will sit through a long film contentedly. It does not speak much for our concentration if we are not prepared to last out a play. Agreed, there are often necessary changes of scene and costume, but I would prefer an interlude of semi-darkness to the usual floodlit trampling and shuffling.

It is arguable, I know. Some will say that a book is rarely finished at a session. But a book can be

a young producer's resolve, some years ago, to present a Shakespearean play uncut, and without break. He did it on one of the hottest nights of the year in a London "fringe" theatre. The audience, after its recovery from the shock, behaved superbly; the result was sustained and mounting excitement instead of an evening with the usual zig-zag of valley-and-peak unavoidable in common practice.



"A PROGRAMME OF SPANISH DANCING, GAY, VIGOROUS, WITTY, AND IN TECHNIQUE ALWAYS HIGHLY ACCOMPLISHED": A SCENE FROM "EL AMOR BRUJO," PRESENTED BY THE PILAR LOPEZ SPANISH BALLET, WHICH OPENED A FOUR-WEEK SEASON AT THE PALACE THEATRE ON NOVEMBER 14.

Still, things are unlikely to change, though nowadays we have often a single central interval: plays planned in two parts instead of three acts. Certainly, if a play must be broken, it is better to have it in two pieces than in three. And we have passed the day when a dramatist would write in four acts, with cumbersome scene changes, or when, in Shakespeare, much of a long night would be wasted with setting and re-setting. Gordon Crosse, in "Shakespearean Playgoing, 1890-1952," said of Tree's revivals: "The curtain was lowered, and usually the principals took calls, at every change of scene. Once I timed the intervals and found that altogether we sat gazing at the curtain for forty-five minutes while elaborate sets were built up or taken down behind it."

A grumble is releasing sometimes. Still, I do not believe it would have mattered much if one of the latest London plays had been split into a dozen parts instead of three. It is called "The Old Farm," and it is a version of a Brazilian play by a leading dramatist, Abilio Pereira de Almeida. This is a tale of an ambitious overseer who ousts his former employers from the property they have owned so long, and who dies of heart failure

in his hour of triumph. There are other melodramatic trimmings; but the whole thing means very little indeed. Down comes the curtain, out goes the play, and we are left darkling. It is probably better in

the original; in English dress and acted indifferently—except by Anthony Sagar—it is too often sound and fury signifying not very much.

Certain occasions when we need not worry about the interval breaks are beginning already to loom. The calendar reports that Christmas is ahead, and one of the infallible signs of Christmas is the choice of a new Peter Pan. This year it is Peggy Cummins, and as usual Peter will be dominating the Never-Never Land at the Scala (performances begin on December 23). The Lagoon scene will be in again, so that we shall hear Peter's "To die would be an awfully big adventure."

One does not really mind the breaks in "Peter," or in any Christmas play. Children cannot be expected to concentrate for long spells. At two London premières last year it was amusing to see how the stalls became an interval play-pen. In one theatre races were organised up and down the central aisle, a little private diversion that the attendants bore with gracefully. And at another matinée one small child spent most of the afternoon walking solemnly up and down from what used to be the back of the pit to the orchestra rail. It did not seem to worry him whether the play was in progress or temporarily suspended. Yes, the Christmas intervals are needed; but I think seniors might be made of sterner stuff.

I was interested, at the current and loving revival of T. W. Robertson's "Caste" (Birmingham Repertory), to see that the producer, Douglas Seale, had carefully followed the dramatist's directions. Robertson, thoroughly resigned to the interval problem, had provided in his script for the "calls." Thus, after the curtain has dropped on the first act, it rises again upon "George, hat in hand, bidding Esther goodbye, R. Eccles sitting in chair, nodding before fire. Sam again looks in at window. Polly pulls the blind down violently. And, at the end of Act Two, after the curtain is down upon Esther's faint while she



"A TALE OF AN AMBITIOUS OVERSEER WHO OUSTS HIS FORMER EMPLOYERS FROM THE PROPERTY THEY HAVE OWNED SO LONG": "THE OLD FARM" (NEW WATERGATE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THIS VERSION OF A BRAZILIAN PLAY BY ABILIO PEREIRA DE ALMEIDA, IN WHICH TÓNICO (ANTHONY SAGAR) SENDS HIS YOUNG WIFE LINA (JUNE SHAW) OUT OF THE HOUSE. THE PLAY IS DIRECTED BY WILLIAM GILMAN.

(and should be, if it is worth anything) read and re-read. The average play is seen only once. A dramatist must make an immediate impact, and he must run the risk of having his carefully-calculated plans dispersed by the refusal of audiences to concentrate, their insistence that an evening is incomplete without eddying to-and-fro, a drink, a smoke, a talk, and, for all I know, a game of billiards or a quick run around the block.

This may sound anti-social; but I have always held that there is time for these incidentals before or after the play. Alas, the theatres have to consider their extra revenue. Dramatists, unless they are reckless, are obliged to construct their work in such a fashion that the traffic of the intervals will harm it as little as possible.

We have had some gallant experiments. One of the most gallant I remember was



ONE OF THE CHRISTMAS PLAYS WHICH WILL BE SEEN IN LONDON LATER THIS MONTH: "LISTEN TO THE WIND," SHOWING (L. TO R.) MAVIS SAGE AND MARGARET MCCOURT IN ANGELA AINLEY JEANS' CHILDREN'S PLAY, WHICH DELIGHTED AUDIENCES IN OXFORD LAST YEAR. THIS PLAY IS DUE TO OPEN AT THE ARTS THEATRE ON DECEMBER 16.

tries to buckle George's sword-belt, it must rise at once (instructs Robertson)—on the tableau:

George and Hawtree gone. Esther in chair, C., fainting; Polly and Sam each side of her, Polly holding her hands, and Sam fanning her with his red handkerchief. The folding doors L.C. thrown open, and Eccles standing at back of table offering glass of claret.

The old play is done beautifully at Birmingham, in particular by Doreen Aris as Polly, genuinely gay in a part that can so easily be forced. Bernard Hepton, too, has our heart as Sam, the gas-fitter and plumber who speaks in the idiom of his craft. "Now don't interrupt me," he says, "or you'll cool my metal." That, by the way, is just what the average interval does.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

SPANISH BALLET (Palace).—Pilar Lopez, Paco de Ronda, and their company in a programme of Spanish dancing, gay, vigorous, witty, and in technique always highly accomplished. (November 14.)

"THE OLD FARM" (New Watergate).—This sultry drama, by a leading Brazilian writer, has not travelled well. It comes to us in performance as a rough-and-ready affair, though Anthony Sagar acts with authority and does lift his main scenes. (November 16.)

"CASTE" (Birmingham Repertory).—Douglas Seale's rich revival of the best of the cup-and-saucer plays of Tom Robertson is lucky in its entrancing Polly (Doreen Aris), its Sam (Bernard Hepton), and its Esther (Nancie Jackson), as well as in a "Marquiss" (Elspeth Duxbury) with an ear for her Froissart, and an Eccles (Redmond Phillips) who enjoys the old reprobate without being wholly Robertson's creation. A good night; Robertson has plenty of staying power. (November 22.)

FROM HERE AND THERE: A NEW LOCOMOTIVE, A NEW SHIP, AND OTHER ITEMS IN THE NEWS.



THE MOST POWERFUL TYPE OF DIESEL-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE EVER BUILT: THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC DELTIC, SEEN DURING RUNNING TRIALS NEAR PRESTON.



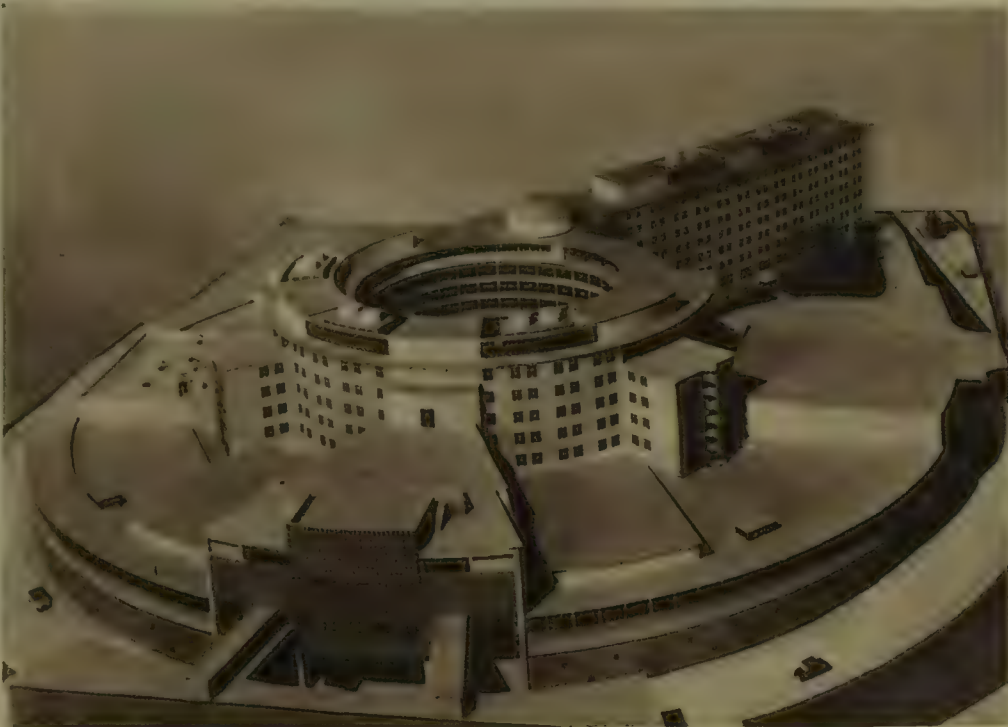
AFTER BEING LAUNCHED BY THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER: THE 820-TON SCILLONIAN TAKING THE WATER AT THORNYCROFT'S YARD, WOOLSTON, SOUTHAMPTON. On November 15 H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester launched the new 820-ton *Scillonian* at Thornycroft's yard, Woolston, Southampton. In the spring the ship will replace the vessel of the same name which has been the islands' chief link with the mainland for thirty years.



The English Electric new diesel-electric locomotive *Deltic*, the most powerful single unit locomotive of its type ever built, started its trials with British Railways in the north-west of England in October and it is hoped that it will be on test in regular passenger service between London and Liverpool in the near future. It can develop 3300 horse power and is designed for a maximum speed of 90 m.p.h. on main line passenger duty.



(RIGHT.) THE NEW B.B.C. TELEVISION CENTRE, WOOD LANE, LONDON: A MODEL OF THE BUILDING ON WHICH WORK WAS RECENTLY STARTED. IT WILL BE COMPLETED IN 1960. This elaborate multi-storey "ring" building, which will be ready for completion in 1960, is designed by Mr. Graham Dawbarn in association with Mr. M. T. Tudsbury; and work has already begun on the site near the White City. It will serve as the B.B.C.'s Television Centre, and the "ring" will contain dressing-rooms, wardrobe space and engineering areas with offices above. Radiating from it will be television production studios, telecine and tele-recording areas and a central control room.



UNDERGOING TESTS: THE NEW U.S. TYPEWRITER KEYBOARD (BELOW), COMPARED WITH THE STANDARD KEYBOARD (ABOVE). It was announced in Washington on November 22, that a group of U.S. Government typists had been selected to make exhaustive tests of a new "simplified" keyboard which, it is claimed, could increase the output of average typists by about 35 per cent. The keyboard shown in this photograph (lower), designed by August Dvorak, of the University of Washington, is the one to be tested. The standard keyboard has remained unchanged for over eighty years.



A NEW ADDITION TO THE HOME FOR AGED GARDENERS: THE GLOUCESTER WING OF THE GARDENERS' ROYAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION HOME AT HORTON, BUCKS. This new wing was recently opened by the Hon. Mrs. David Bowes-Lyon, wife of the President of the R.H.S. and Treasurer of the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution. It will be recalled that Mr. Elliott wrote of this home for the aged and infirm gardeners in our issue of September 27, 1952, shortly after its purchase.



CHRISTMASTIDE IN LONDON: SOME OF THE MULTI-COLOURED STARLIKE DECORATIONS WHICH HAVE BROUGHT A TOUCH OF FAIRYLAND TO REGENT STREET. Twelve hundred multi-coloured starlike decorations suspended 20 ft. above Regent Street are one of the London attractions during the present Christmas season. The decorations, designed by Mr. Beverley Pick, are floodlit at night, and have been erected by the Regent Street Association at a cost of £15,000.

FROM SACKCLOTH TO SNAKES: A CAMERA RECORD OF SOME UNUSUAL NEWS ITEMS.



COVERED WITH SACKCLOTH PRIOR TO THEIR REMOVAL: TWO HUGE STATUES OF GENERAL PERON AND EVA PERON ON TOP OF THE UNFINISHED BUILDING OF THE EVA PERON FOUNDATION IN BUENOS AIRES WHERE ALL THE PERONISTA STATUES ARE TO BE TAKEN DOWN.



FIVE INCHES AN HOUR BY RAIL: A HOUSE BEING MOVED BODILY ON RAILS DURING AN UNUSUAL REMOVAL OPERATION AT RUEIL (SEINE ET OISE), IN FRANCE. SEVERAL HOUSES ARE BEING MOVED IN THIS WAY, INSTEAD OF BEING DISMANTLED AND THEN REBUILT ELSEWHERE, TO MAKE ROOM FOR A NEW ROAD.



THE EVER-WATCHFUL EYE: ONE OF TWO TELEVISION CAMERAS WHICH PROVIDE A DAY-AND-NIGHT VIEW OF THE 29-ACRE ROOF TOP OF THE CADILLAC TANK PLANT IN CLEVELAND, OHIO. AN OUTBREAK OF FIRE, OR A THIEF, WOULD BE SEEN AT ONCE ON CONNECTING TELEVISION SCREENS, WHICH ARE ALWAYS MANNED BY OFFICIALS DURING A 24-HR. ROTA OF WATCHING DUTIES.



HOLDING SEVEN WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS: THREE OF THE WHIPSNADE ZOO HOSTESSES WITH SOME OF THE HUSKY PUPPIES IN THEIR ARMS WHICH ARE BEING SOLD FOR 10 GUINEAS EACH. HUSKIES MAKE EXCELLENT HOUSE DOGS.



GUARDING CHRISTMAS-TREES IN THE NEW FOREST: A KEEPER NEAR BROCKENHURST IS READY TO TACKLE THIEVES WITH HIS BEAGLE, SHOT-GUN AND WALKIE-TALKIE SET.



SPEEDING UP TRAINS: A DRIVER AND FIREMAN USING THE NEWLY-INSTALLED SHORT-WAVE RADIO-PHONE AT SOUTHAMPTON. This photograph shows a driver and fireman using the newly-installed short-wave radio-phone in a shunting locomotive at Southampton Docks. It is expected to speed up the movement of passenger and goods trains in the dock area, and may be widely adopted if successful.



"TARZAN" TO THE RESCUE: MR. GORDON SCOTT ON CHARLIE, THE GLASGOW ELEPHANT HE HAS HELPED TO SAVE. Mr. Gordon Scott, the U.S. film actor, who is in Britain to make a "Tarzan" film, heard that Charlie, an elephant in Glasgow, was threatened with destruction. Mr. Scott made up the deficit between contributions from children and the sum needed to save the elephant.



SNAKES ALIVE: SOME BABY PYTHONS RECENTLY HATCHED FROM EGGS SENT TO THE ZOO FROM NORTHERN RHODESIA. A clutch of python eggs which were recently sent by air from Northern Rhodesia for incubation at the London Zoo have hatched out successfully. The mother snake had been killed by natives and a Mr. Cave found the eggs and sent them to London.

FROM STAINED GLASS TO STATE BARGES: ART AND MUSEUM NEWS FROM LONDON.



(ABOVE.) DEDICATED BY THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON: ONE OF TWO STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS WHICH HAVE BEEN PLACED IN THE CITY CHURCH OF ST. BOTOLPH WITHOUT ALDERSGATE.

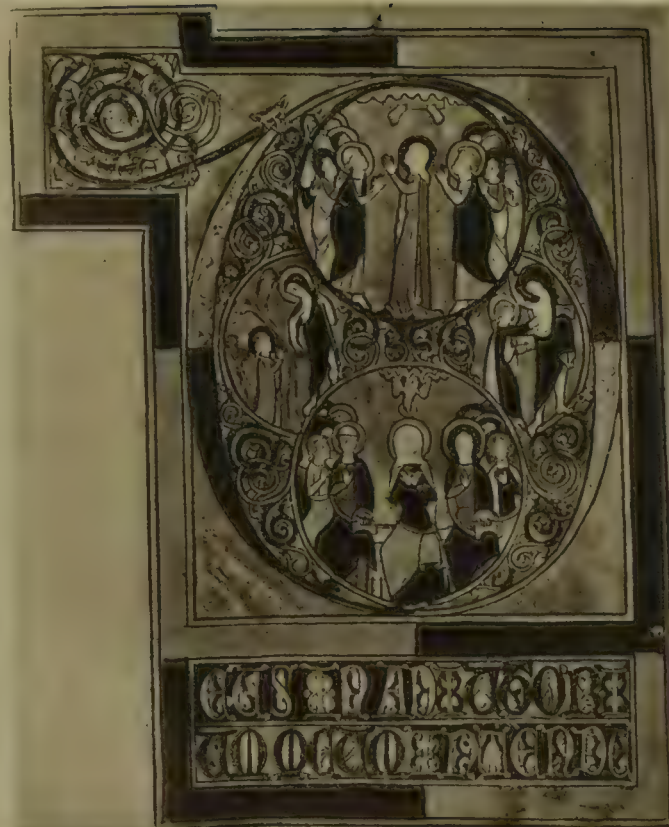


"AN ALLEGORY OF PRUDENCE," BY TITIAN, WHICH WAS SOLD FOR 11,000 GUINEAS AT CHRISTIE'S ON NOVEMBER 25 IN A SALE OF THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE FRANCIS HOWARD, ESQ. This small painting by Titian, which measures 29 by 26 ins., fetched 11,000 guineas in the sale of the collection of the late Francis Howard, Esq. The picture shows two three-headed symbols, one above the other. The sale was conducted by Sir Alec Martin, who was celebrating his seventy-first birthday on that day.

On November 23 the Archdeacon of London, the Ven. O. H. Gibbs-Smith, dedicated two new stained-glass windows in the south aisle of the church of St. Botolph Without Aldersgate. Both windows have been designed by Mr. M. C. Farrar-Bell. The one shown here was given by Mr. B. A. G. Norman, churchwarden, and depicts King William I. conferring the patronage of St. Botolph on the Dean and Canons of St. Martin's le Grand in 1068. The other window was given by the Ironmongers' Company.

(RIGHT.) AGAIN ON VIEW AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON: THE CONTENTS OF JAMES WATT'S WORKSHOP DISPLAYED IN A REPLICA OF HIS FAMOUS GARRET WORKSHOP.

The contents of James Watt's workshop are on view again in the Science Museum, South Kensington. They are displayed in their correct positions in a replica of the workshop which was at Heathfield, the house near Birmingham built by Watt in 1790.



A VALUABLE GIFT TO THE NATION: A DETAIL FROM THE "SALVIN HORÆ" WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN BY SIR CHESTER BEATTY TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, WHERE IT HAS BEEN ON LOAN FOR SOME TIME. By the generosity of Sir Chester Beatty, a superb illuminated manuscript, which for some time has been on loan to the British Museum, where it is exhibited in the Grenville Library, has become the property of the nation. Known from the name of the family which once owned it as the "Salvin Horæ," it is one of the earliest surviving Books of Hours of the use of Salisbury.



OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON NOVEMBER 22: AN INTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING PRINCE FREDERICK'S BARGE, OF THE NEWLY-BUILT BARGE-HOUSE AT THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH.



THE CABIN OF THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCE FREDERICK'S BARGE, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1732 FOR THE THEN PRINCE OF WALES, AND WAS LATER USED BY THE PRINCE CONSORT AT WINDSOR.

The new Barge House at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, was opened to the public on November 22. It has been built to accommodate four barges, two of which are now in position. These are the Queen's Shallop, which was presented to the Museum by King George V., and Prince Frederick's Barge, which was previously exhibited at the museum. The Queen's Shallop was the last survivor in river-worthy condition of the old State barges.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is exceptional to feel one can't wait for the last volume of a trilogy, and highly exceptional to go on thinking of it, and wishing it would hurry up. Yet I am sure plenty of readers have been chafing (intermittently) for "The Return of the King," by J. R. R. Tolkien (Allen and Unwin; 21s.)—which is at least one indisputable point to this enormous epic fairy-tale. But then you have to follow it the whole way; it would be vain to chip in here, and it seems futile to recapitulate. Broadly, however, "The Fellowship of the Ring" is a saga of "elder days," when Middle Earth was convulsed by a showdown between Good and Evil. Sauron, the Dark Lord, with his ghastly generals the Ring-Wraiths, and his disgusting rank-and-file of orcs, trolls, and less familiar abominations, is about to engulf the free people of the world—men, dwarfs and elves, the little bucolic race of "halflings" or hobbits, and even stranger beings. Their leaders are a wizard, Gandalf the Grey, and the mysterious "Ranger" Aragorn, heir of the lost kings of Gondor. But ultimately their fate depends upon the One Ring: an evil talisman which must not be used, which Sauron must not get hold of, and which can only be destroyed by throwing it into the cracks of Orodruin, the fiery mountain at the very heart of his realm. This desperate task has fallen to the young hobbit, Frodo. In "The Two Towers," he and his servant Sam Gangee had reached the threshold of Mordor—only to be betrayed by their guide, the miserable, pathetic little Gollum, who has been Ring-crazy for centuries. Sam got away; but we left Frodo in the hands of the orcs.

That was partly why it seemed long to wait. And here we are kept dangling; one can see at a glance that there will be no Frodo till about half-way through. The first half is about the subsidiary champions, and the siege and relief of Gondor. Yet—as an additional, though contrasting, disappointment—there is so little to come. This volume looks standard size: but only because the appendices—historical footnotes, genealogies, scripts, calendars, etc.—run to a good hundred pages. So we are not really in the middle of things; really, they are wound up for the inevitable, and of course indispensable, happy ending. And when it arrives, we are not satisfied, but deflated. I won't say that the last lap is inferior in itself: though it has nothing to compare with the earlier Gollum, or the Ent-people, and though the rather William-Morris, bogus-archaic style, and its incongruity with the hobbit-idiom, are more inclined to stick out. The real flaw is that a higher power of imagination was demanded for a last lap. Professor Tolkien is learned in folklore, wonderfully inventive and continuously appealing; he has spun an outside, enchanting yarn. But it is not a true epic—it is an addiction. And at the end of it, we feel a sad loss.

OTHER FICTION.

"By the Angel, Islington," by March Cost (Collins; 12s. 6d.), floats us back gently to the everyday world, through a mist of other-worldiness and romance. It is about a young girl marked for sanctity. It is also an undulating dramatic narrative, centred in the Jubilee week-end, and leading mazzily to the solution of a double quest. Dr. Riberac, a French archaeologist, is looking for Andra Hood. Long years ago, he picked her up in Buxleigh-on-Sea, housed her at Kew, and confidently expected her to stay put. He had his expeditions; and he had to be at the beck and call of a rich aunt. That seemed to him too obvious for apology. But though Andra never jibbed at the expeditions, a day came when she rebelled against the priority of Madame Franz Orth, and disappeared. Riberac was furious. Nevertheless, he is still searching for her, as doggedly as for the missing fragment of his "Vaucluse angel"—the angel's hand, holding what? And now he has had news of the fragment; he has been "led" to Andra; and his thrice-lost, unassuming darling is about to be a celebrity.

It is all inextricably linked up. When Andra was very young, she had a job at an art school, and came to know an eminent sculptor who has just died. To Riberac, Standish's "Dancing Girl" is a sign; and to the world, his best-selling autobiography is a revelation. There he portrays Andra in her hidden life: her luminous obscurity, her "fidelity in intercession," her gift of healing. Always, she has been in quest of heavenly joy; her first miracle was before she met Riberac, and in the after-loneliness she worked twice as hard, practising non-attachment, struggling through the "dark night of the soul"—and meanwhile earning her bread contentedly as a cleaning-woman.

This novel scoops the best of both worlds. At the climax everyone reappears, everyone fits in; and yet one can't talk of coincidence, since "there is no such thing as a chance meeting." The romance is thorough-going, but radiant; and Andra has a freshness and grace unusual among her counterparts in male fiction.

"The Big Range," by Jack Schaefer (André Deutsch; 7s. 6d.), might have been called "Seven Men"—except that one of its pioneer types is a woman. They are paraded in a group of anecdotes about the old frontier, told by an anonymous observer who belongs to it, and apparently based on fact. Only the last tale is slightly different; it is really a kind of afterpiece—a humorous and touching demonstration of how pioneer "towns" become towns. Even so, it is a dramatic afterpiece. The stories are all dramatic, all physically realistic, and streaked with pathos or tragedy; and they are all expertly told. It has become a truism that Mr. Schaefer is in a class by himself—as romantic as any other Western, yet also a serious writer and superb craftsman. And those who believe they don't like short stories may be persuaded by "The Big Range" that what they really don't like is fumbling.

"The Paton Street Case," by John Bingham (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is about police-work; the author seems to have dropped his private, Chinese-puzzle fantasies, though without losing his ingenuity. This tale begins with arson in a flat above a furniture shop, owned by a German-Jewish refugee. Later, a body is found in the divan. . . . The thesis seems to be that murder is best ignored, since the investigation will be worse than the crime, and anyhow the police are just as likely to get the wrong man. Mr. Bingham adds a technique of chummy though ironic buttonholing, and a hint that we should blush to read crime novels. Though he has not eschewed the elements of suspense and surprise for which they are read.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS snappy game was played in a recent match between Yale and Columbia Universities by radio:

VIENNA OPENING.

| WERTHEIM | WILSON | WERTHEIM | WILSON |
|-----------|--------|----------|--------|
| White | Black | White | Black |
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 | 3. B-B4 | Kt×P |
| 2. Kt-QB3 | Kt-KB3 | 4. Kt-B3 | |

4. Kt×Kt would, of course, be answered by 4... P-Q4 recovering the piece. White prefers to develop his pieces, even if he has to sacrifice a pawn in the process.

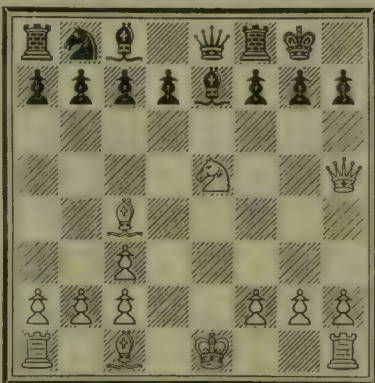
4... Kt×Kt 5. QP×Kt B-K2

Realising that 5... P-Q3 could be answered by 6. Kt×P and now either 6... P×Kt? 7. B×Pch, K-K2; 8. B-Kt5ch winning Black's queen, or 6... Q-K2; 7. B×Pch, K-Q1; 8. Castles, Q×Kt; 9. R-K1 with a winning attack (one of several alternatives being 9... Q-KB4; 10. R-K8ch, K-Q2; 11. B-K6ch, etc.).

Black thus gets the worst of both worlds; he is in arrears with his development but has handed back his extra pawn. A poor variation.

6. Kt×P Castles 7. Q-R5 Q-K1

7... P-KKt3 could be answered, cheerfully enough, by 8. Kt×KtP, RP×Kt; 9. Q×Pch—Black's BP being pinned—9... K-R1, and either 10. B×P or 10. Q-R5ch, K-Kt1; 11. B-KR6.



8. Castles P-Q3 9. Kt-B3 Kt-Q2?

It was absolutely essential to get in 9... B-K3 before White played R-K1. The plodding manoeuvre he adopts leaves him fatally cramped.

10. R-K1 Kt-B3 11. Q-R4 Q-Q1

This unpins his bishop but leaves it (thanks to his ninth and tenth moves) immobile. 11... Kt-Q4; 12. B-KKt5 would confront him with similar difficulties to those which arise in the game.

12. B-Q3 R-K1 13. B-KKt5 P-KR3

White threatened not only 14. B×Kt followed by 15. Q×Pch, but the same motif in reverse: 15. B×RPch, Kt×B; 16. B×B, etc.

14. B×P! Kt-Q4

After 14... P×B; 15. Q×P there would be little Black could do about Kt-Kt5.

15. B-KKt5 P-KKt3 16. R×B! R×R

Or 16... Kt×R; 17. B-B6.

17. B-QB4 Resigns

If Black defends the knight, White removes it and continues with 19. B×R or 19. B-B6 according to taste.

FROM PREHISTORIC MAN TO MEDIÆVAL YORK.

ONE of the interesting aspects of writing a column of this sort is the pattern of book publishing which one observes. Just as in the world of the cinema, there will be a spate of films with a psychiatric base—followed, perhaps, by a spate of "Westerns"—so there seem to be (to this observer) definite fashions in publishing. We appear to have exhausted, for the time being at least, books on resistance movements. On the other hand, there are, of course, some good "steadies." Travel books ("With Pen and Typewriter Through Darkest Bloomsbury") are, like the poor, with us always. Now the fashion seems to be for anthropology and prehistoric art. Among the batch of books on these subjects which I have before me, undoubtedly the best is "The History of Man," by Carleton S. Coon (Jonathan Cape; 28s.). Some twenty or more years ago, I read a novel by Mr. Coon. It was called

"The Riffian," and dealt with that curious, fair-skinned, blue-eyed race—a possibly Visigothic ethnological enclave—who have for the past forty years given so much trouble to the French and the Spaniards alike from their fastnesses in the High Atlas. It was a first-class story, showing a deep knowledge of the history and the habits of this strange people. In the interval Mr. Coon's pen has not lost its cunning, and his new and weighty book will be a delight to the historian and the general reader alike. I use the word "weighty" only with regard to its length and the evidence of solid scholarship which it manifests. In fact, it could not be more agreeably written and with less heavy a touch. Mr. Coon devotes the bulk of his book to prehistoric man, pointing out that *Homo sapiens* was only one of the erect primates which populated the earth during the 700,000 or so years since the primates descended from the trees to the ground. "It is quite possible that the different kinds of ape-men and men who competed with one another in the first 650,000 years of the Pleistocene had appeared on the face of the earth in the order of their evolutionary development, as some authorities believe. The evidence so far uncovered indicates, however, that this succession of births took place in an earlier period, and that during the Pleistocene all but *Homo sapiens* disappeared, in the same order. It is the order of their disappearance, and not that of their first bows on the Pleistocene stage, that follows a rational pattern." That *Homo sapiens* was able to survive may have been due to his discovery of fire and of the use of the needle which enabled him to wear skins and thus both endure the cold of the glacial periods and hunt for his food in temperatures in which Neanderthal man, for example, seems to have perished. As his book on the Riffs showed, Mr. Coon is at his happiest with simple people. For him the life of primitive man, far from being Hobbes's "poor, nasty, brutish and short" affair, appears almost idyllic. This is the only thing which makes me a little suspicious of some of Mr. Coon's reconstructions of the lives of our remote ancestors. Nevertheless, this is an excellent book and I am grateful to Mr. Coon for the fact that he does not rule out the possibility of the existence of one of my favourite illusions, the Abominable Snowman. Indeed, I suspect that Mr. Coon believes in him too, for as he remarks "until more evidence is in, we can only say that man may not be the only erect bipedal primate to have survived the Pleistocene period."

Another book roughly on the same subject is "The Track of Man," by Henry Field (Peter Davies; 21s.). Mr. Coon's book is the more scholarly, Mr. Field's the more practical. Mr. Field comes of the famous Chicago family but was educated at Eton and at Oxford. There he came under the influence of that most delightful of dons, the late Dr. R. R. Marett, one of the most famous anthropologists of his time. I was delighted to see that Mr. Field pays a suitable tribute to that charming and, as he describes him, "infinitely wise" anthropologist. Inspired by him, he set off to do the practical field work which is essential to the anthropologist who wishes to allow "Mesozoic" to come trippingly, and as to the manner born, off the tongue. The resulting book, which deals largely with his excavations in the happy hunting grounds of the Middle East, is pleasant and interesting. Incidentally, in his description of his visit to the tomb of Tutankhamen, he describes how struck he was by the inscription over the door: "Death to those who enter. . . ." While he does not believe in the popular story of the curse which is supposed to have carried off Lord Carnarvon, Howard Carter and many others engaged in those excavations, he keeps an open mind on inexplicable coincidences of this sort.

Mongolia seems to have been for some curious reason the cradle of civilisation. Race after race and wave after wave of invaders have appeared in the Western world from its steppes and mountains. Most of these invaders, such as the Tartars and the Mongols themselves, have been dreaded for their ferocity and cruelty. If it had not been for the providential death of the great Ugedey Khan in 1241, it is likely that the whole of Europe would have been overrun and its inhabitants systematically massacred, as were the inhabitants of those parts of Russia, Poland, Central Europe and Asia which the Mongols conquered. Pope Innocent IV. recognised the danger, and despatched missions to the Mongols in the hope of breaching the gap between East and West. These missions are described in "The Mongol Mission," edited by Christopher Dawson (Sheed and Ward; 18s.). The book consists of the narratives and letters of the Franciscan monks who were sent out by the Pope between 1245 and 1255. The dangers they encountered and the hardships they underwent are vividly recaptured in these excellent translations from the mediæval Latin. Curiously enough, the Mongols seem to have welcomed their arrival and were quite ready to make an alliance with the "great priest of the West." A curious and fascinating book.

Of all mediæval English cities, York remains one of the least spoilt and most attractive. One does not have to be a loyal Yorkshireman, therefore, to welcome "Mediæval York," by Angelo Raine (John Murray; 30s.). Mr. Raine is the Rector of All Saints', Pavement, and Honorary Archivist of the city. He has decided on the happy device of following the topographical layout of the city as it exists to-day, and then, from the original sources, has built up his picture of the great mediæval city. He has succeeded admirably and has made a notable contribution to scholarship.

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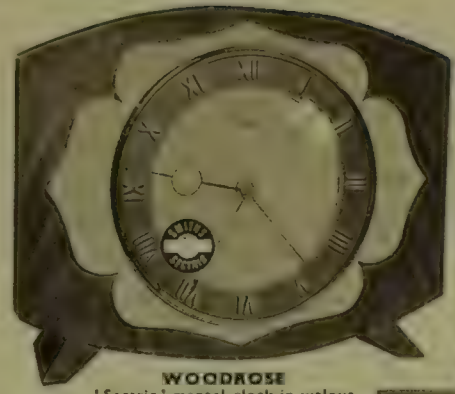


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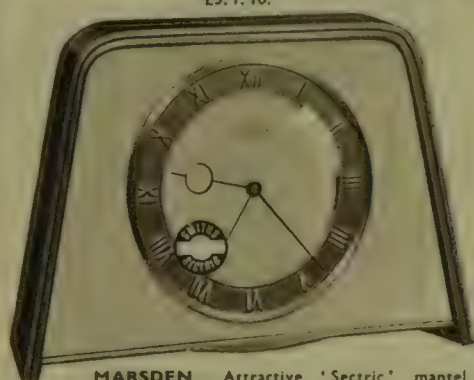
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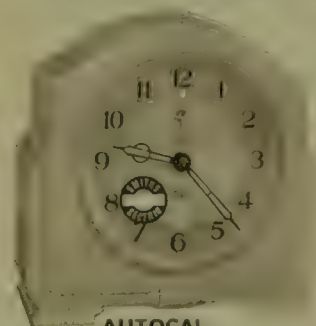
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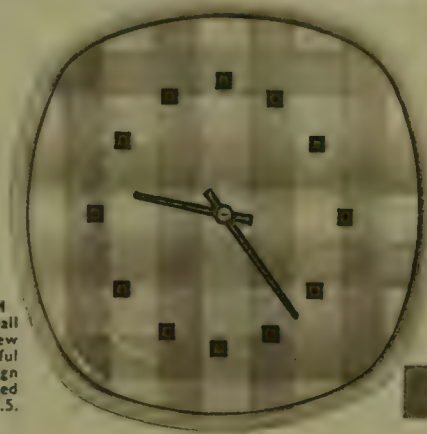


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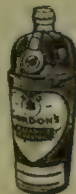
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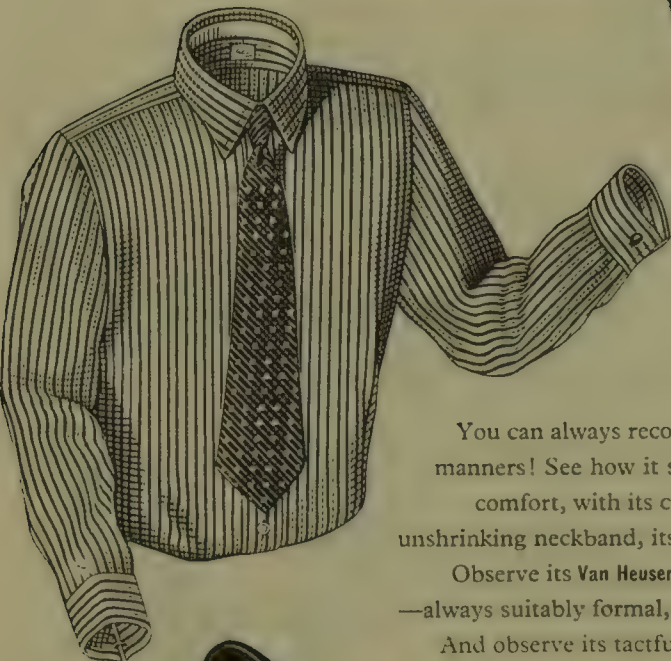
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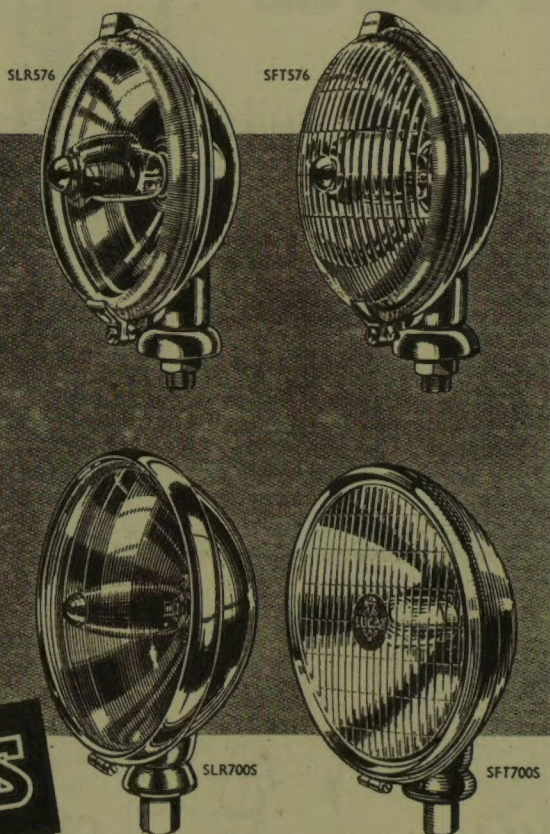
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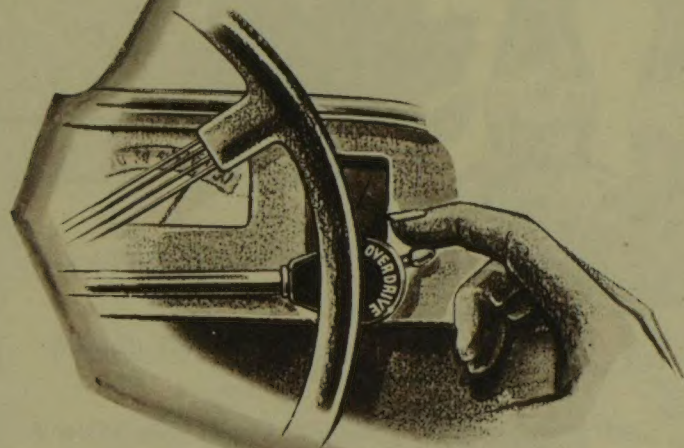
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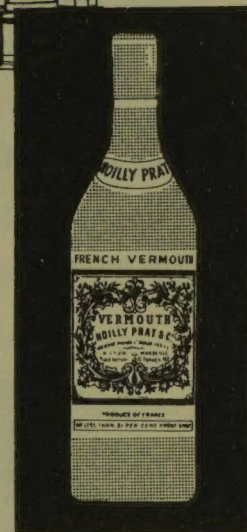
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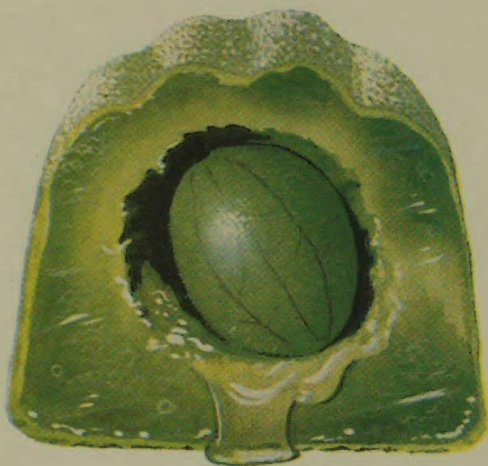
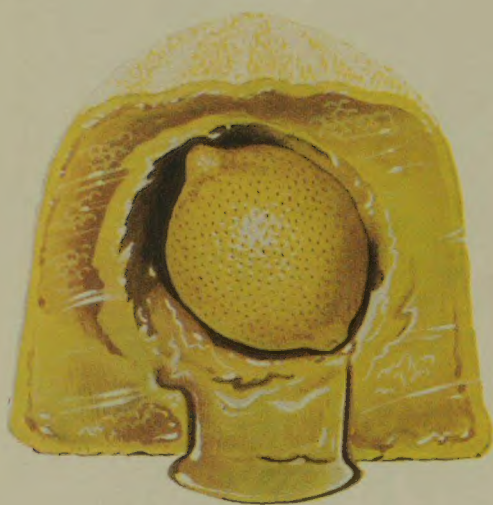
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